

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 4070. Vol. 156  
FOUNDED 1866

28 OCTOBER, 1933

SIXPENCE  
REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... ..	PAGES 429-432	SERIAL—THE SURRENDER OF AN EMPIRE—Mrs. Nesta H. Webster ... ..	PAGES 440-442
THE NAVY WE NEED—Lieutenant P. K. Kemp, R.N. ... ..	433-434	AT THE SIGN OF THE TURTLE—Hugh Liddon ...	443
THE MENACE OF THE GULLS—"Fish-hawk" ...	434	BRAHMS, THE BALLET, AND BAX—Herbert Hughes ... ..	444
THE BUNK OF MR. BUCHMAN—Anthony Praga	435	NEW NOVELS, REVIEWS ... ..	445-447
THE SALVATION OF INDIA—Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., C.M.G., M.P. ... ..	436-439	CORRESPONDENCE ... ..	448
LAWS THAT MAKE LAWSUITS—David Learmonth	438	ACROSTIC ... ..	449
A MONTE CARLO FRENZY—Lt.-Col. Cyril Foley	439	CITY ... ..	450
		THEATRE ... ..	451
		BROADCASTING ... ..	452

## Notes of the Week

Does it all come out in the Wash? Apparently there is some doubt as to how soon King John's treasure will come out of it. We may hear more about this.

..

### A Question

Lady Houston has received the following letter:—

"Three Hampstead readers of the *Saturday Review* deplore your continued silence, when Birmingham approves the betrayal of India. Surely our British Boadicea has not yet been captured by Baldwin?"

F.S.M., G.C., E.E.

..

### And An Answer

Lady Houston answers these three readers of the *Saturday Review*: "The very last person likely to capture her is Mr. Baldwin—but, if you had said Lord Lloyd, you would have been nearer the Truth."

Lady Houston also sent this message—which greatly annoyed the Delegates at Birmingham:

"I have been 40 years in politics," says Mr. Baldwin. "There is nothing you can teach me."

"Oh, yes, there is," says Lady Houston. "You have not yet learnt how to be a Conservative."

..

### A Herring a Week

It is not the least of our follies that the wealth of our fisheries is being wasted. The riches of the sea are being thrown away or used as manure when they might serve to redress the balance of trade in

our favour. There is nothing better in the world than a good herring. Their only drawback is that they are too cheap. If everyone in this country would make a resolution to eat one herring a week our fishermen, one of Britain's bulwarks, would profit, the health of the nation would improve—for herrings are rich in vitamins—and we should buy so much less food from abroad.

..

### Warning from the Right Quarter

Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty's speech regarding our naval weakness, was a warning as timely as it was necessary to the whole Empire. He pointed out in no uncertain terms how weakness robs a nation, not only of security, but also of allies, and the prospect of a lasting peace. "The Navy is a handmaiden of our foreign policy," said Earl Beatty. No thinking man can deny that our foreign policy since the war has been one of spineless self-deprecation. It has taken a sailor, not a would-be statesman, to place his finger on the cause. Idealistic politicians have sold our birthright for a mess of internationalism. Let us see to it that the warning of one who knows and who has proved himself capable of deeds as well as dithyrambs, is not disregarded.

..

### Embezzlement

Earl Beatty hinted plainly enough that he suspected that the Admiralty had been forced to draw upon reserves of fuel and material, which had been built up against real emergency. If Earl Beatty's suspicions are correct, there is case for impeachment, not of the hard pressed Board of

Admiralty, but of the unheeding politicians who have driven them to such expedients. Reserves are built up laboriously and painfully, to be used only when the resources of the nation and Empire are taxed to the extremity in war. To use them otherwise is embezzlement and the highest form of treason.

\*\*

### The Edge of Risk

"Great Britain has reduced her forces to the edge of risk." So said Sir John Simon. Earl Beatty quoted him and paused with a comical expression on his face. Then in an aside he added: "What that means I don't know; perhaps there are some politicians here who do—but I have a very shrewd idea." There is nothing equivocal about the Empire's peril. It is composed of units held together by sea communications. Sea communications are held by the Navy. Unity is therefore preserved by the Navy. But the Navy of to-day is incapable of such a task. Seventy cruisers were accepted as the "irreducible minimum" for our needs. Politicians cut this down at the London Treaty to 50. But have we even got 50? We have not! At the end of 1936, we shall have 36 modern cruisers. Fourteen others counted in our strength will be so obsolete that their appearance on the high seas in war would be suicidal. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

\*\*

### The Writing on the Wall

Blackpool has set out to astound Britain with the most expensive, the most magnificent, the most spectacular display of illuminations ever seen in the world. During the past month thousands of people have packed the beaches of the Brighton of Lancashire in order to witness the dazzling spectacle of a city built in points of fire. This week Bournemouth, sedate sister seaside town of the South, mausoleum of retired colonels and elderly spinsters, has rivalled, nay, eclipsed, the pyrotechnics of Blackpool. For on a certain night this week, without warning, the colonels and the elderly ladies, the visitors and the fishermen, were electrified suddenly to observe, written in letters of fire out at the sea, clearly visible for a mile, the legend that all Britain, not only Bournemouth, might well take to heart—"Down with the traitor MacDonald."

There it stood, in letters a yard high, an un-winking reminder of the duty that England owes herself if she is to save herself. Need we add that this writing on the wall was the writing of Lady Houston, whose steam yacht "Liberty" was in the neighbourhood.

\*\*

### "A Grave and Deplorable Blunder"

Mr. Baldwin stated at Birmingham that we had kept down our armaments in order to con-

centrate all efforts on the restoration of our credit. Could there ever be such myopia or such utter disregard of history and logic in one who calls himself statesman? The battle goes to the strong—so does the credit, the trade, and all those things by which a nation stands or falls. Did Drake or Raleigh scrap their ships and wait for the riches of the Main to fall into their laps? Did Clive or Cook achieve the spices of the Orient by blathering upon platforms? The measure of our disarmament is, as Earl Beatty says, "a grave and deplorable blunder."

\*\*

### This Week's Wisdom

"Sir Oswald Stoll to put Shakespeare over."—*Daily Mail* headline. What's the matter with Robbie Burns?

\*\*

"On Monday they were shelled for four hours by armoured cars, and a gunboat replied with machine guns from the windows of the hotel."—*Everyman*. These floating palaces!

\*\*

Petrol will be up 1½ cents a gallon in the U.S.A. on December 1. If President Roosevelt has his way, it is highly probable that there will be a rise in retail prices in this country. It is good to know that pound and dollar are still knit together.

\*\*

Dr. Headlam, the Bishop of Gloucester, spoke with all the weight of Aristotle and the Fathers of the Church on his side when he assured doctors and nurses at Bristol Cathedral that "to neglect what God has given us and then to pray to Him to help us in our sickness is blasphemy. . . He has given us understanding by which we can study the laws of the human body. It is by that study and its application we should attempt to cure disease."

\*\*

Mr. George Lansbury, Leader of the Opposition, in a speech at Bow, appealed "to young men to keep out of the Air Force, the Army and Navy." The Proctors of Oxford University have authorised a Peace Society, provided that it does not attack the O.T.C., as it says it will. Hitler says that Germany's "love of peace prompts it to fight for its right to live." Who will save Peace from her friends?—and why did the *Daily Herald* omit Mr. Lansbury's attack on our Defence force?

\*\*

The *Investors' Chronicle* suggests: "The two major factors in the (international) situation are psychological—the continuing fear entertained by France and the resentment felt by Germany at the

continuing repression exercised in the name of that fear through the machinery of the League of Nations. Thus the active cause of disturbance has its seat in France, Germany's attitude being a consequence." And the only answer to all this fear and resentment would be a bold and fearless policy in this country: for courage is as infectious as fear.

••

### The Handy Man

The Navy does not seem to have lost its popularity in South Africa. A crowd of 25,000 gathered on the quay at Capetown when it was announced that H.M.S. Dorsetshire, the new flagship on the African station, was open to the public. In the forefront of the crowd a number of women fainted and, owing to the press, had to be given first aid on board the flagship. "The calmness and courtesy of the officers and men," says the Capetown correspondent of *The Times*, "in rather trying circumstances were greatly admired." Rather! There was a parallel at Smyrna when the Iron Duke, rescuing a Maternity Home, found herself the birthplace of two children, one in the Admiral's, the other in the Captain's, cabin.

••

### Napoleon's Ghost

No one in this country seems to have remarked the really amazing thing about the fall of the Daladier Cabinet. It must surely be the first time in history that a French Government has fallen on the budget not of the past or the present, but the coming year. The Third Republic has never worried about balancing budgets. Before the War there was always a deficit and budgets were regularly months late, the affairs of the country being carried on by "provisional twelfths," that is to say the collection of the current taxes for so many extra months. Democracy has played havoc with the finances of one of the richest nations in the world and France would have long ago collapsed if its Parliament had been able to touch the framework of government constructed by Napoleon the First. As it is, governments can come and go and can make the most horrible mess with revenue and expenditure, but the system of the great Emperor still prevails in all that is most vital.

••

### No More Coupons

The news that there are to be no more cigarette gift coupons after the end of the year, comes as a relief to those simple-minded people who prefer to pay for cigarettes when they buy them, and have not the smallest use for pieces of printed paper which may be turned into frying pans or motor cars, if there are enough of them. It is bad enough that the smoker should be presented with cards variously printed that he has never asked

for, in order that he may be persecuted by urchins who collect them and throw away their collections as soon as they attain commonsense. The public is becoming aware that they have to pay for these "free gifts." For, after all, no one really imagines that the manufacturers have given away £16,000,000, the computed cost of coupons, since 1929.

••

### Milk and Music

Cows are sympathetic creatures and it is cheering to learn from the Principle of the Agricultural College at Cirencester that they have a musical ear. The milkmaid is advised to sing while she is engaged in her occupation because it encourages the cow, though it appears that such a hymn tune as "Art thou weary?" is inclined to check operations. Who will write us a national milking song with a flowing lilt?

••

### A Noble Memorial

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story" have the Cinque Ports been called to honour their dead fallen for England. The ceremony at Winchelsea this week, when the Archbishop of Canterbury dedicated three windows and an altar in the parish church of St. Thomas "to the men of the Cinque Ports and the ancient towns of Winchelsea and Rye who, whether on sea or land or in the air, gave their lives in the War, 1914-1918," added just one chapter to a long history of heroism and love of country. Simultaneously Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Field Marshal Lord Milne and Air Marshal Lord Trenchard unveiled the windows, "Sea," "Land," and "Air," the work of Dr. Douglas Strachan. These glorious windows filled "the white radiance" of the ancient church with a glory of colour and their beauty added a new fascination to its solemnity. Dr. Strachan was inspired by an emotion which he expressed as follows: "The most striking characteristic of Winchelsea Church is its radiance—and mingling with this and adding to it is another note—that of time—immense stretches of time and life."

••

### Bob and the Bobs

Robert Newton, whose shilling theatre at Putney Bridge re-opens on Monday, has the distinction of being probably the untidiest actor-manager in England. However, he knows how to tidy up a show. He started at Putney with a couple of hundred pounds, and the patrons shivered in their overcoats in an Arctic auditorium. But the play was always good—"Night's Candles" was one of them—so they kept coming.

During the summer he has spent two thousand pounds on the theatre, new paint, new lighting, new heating and new stalls, and is opening the ball with a brand new play, "Finished Abroad,"



by Jolliffe Metcalfe, on the "Children in Uniform" lines. Leonantine Sagan is the producer and Carol Goodner and Ellen Pollock in the cast. Not bad for a bob a nob!

\* \*

### Yellow Jack

Judging by the brilliant work which has been done within the last three years, yellow fever, once the scourge of the tropics, will soon be completely stamped out, and already a perfectly safe and sure vaccine method has been developed. Horses or baboons are repeatedly inoculated with yellow fever virus and their blood serum (which has acquired anti-viral properties) is injected into human patients, about an ounce being required. A few hours later a small quantity of virus extracted from mice is given; the point being that after passing through the brains of mice, the yellow fever virus loses its power of producing a general infection.

\* \*

### Weather Witchcraft

The weather prophets of Southern Rhodesia are not without honour in their country; for they have really succeeded in forecasting the weather more than once. This year they were right again. As far back as last December they prophesied that the rainfall would be well above normal. And this remarkable result was achieved by a mysterious formula smacking of witchcraft; for it involves data regarding the Nile floods, the temperature in Mauritius and at Bulawayo and the barometric pressure at Rio de Janeiro. This is something better than our dismal depression centred over Iceland.

\* \*

### Unemployed Musicians

On Saturday, November 4th, the South London Orchestra will give a concert in St. Martin's Church. The orchestra, which is under the direction of Mr. Michael Tippett, is composed entirely of unemployed musicians, who play without fee, and simply for the sake of keeping in practice. Under the aegis of Morley College, which gives afternoon classes for these men, the orchestra has taken shape and at rehearsals has shown quite remarkable powers of expression and rendering. It bids fair, indeed, to become a considerable power in the musical world. We hope that St. Martin's will be crowded on Saturday and that the collection, which is the sole support of these men, will be generous.

\* \*

### "A Penny for the Guy"

Last year we drew the attention of the police to an abuse of Guy Fawkes day which would have been merely comic if it had not its tragic side. For several days before the fifth little urchins were mustered in the most crowded quarters asking for

a penny for the guy. Even the most casual observer soon noticed that these children were not working for themselves at all. In the neighbourhood of Victoria Station particularly there was a regular organisation based on a plan that could never have struck a child's mind. We hope that this year the police will see that while any poor children who really want a penny for fireworks shall be free to put up their demand, anything like an organised exploitation of the sympathy they command shall be prevented. The French have abolished the bad old custom of July 14th when beggars were allowed in the Paris streets and were brought up in hundreds from all over the country in special trains by a syndicate which levied toll from each of them.

\* \*

### A Timid Request for Sympathy By the Chancellor

BY DAVID LEARMONTH

When for revenue I'm at a loss,  
And the volume of income tax drops,  
I may take any reasonable course;  
But I dare not offend the Co-ops.  
I must back a more tractable horse  
That will keep running on till it drops;  
So I hope you'll my wisdom endorse  
If I have to "get out" upon Hops.  
Thus, when Parliament met in the Spring,  
And the fiercest controversies waxed,  
I contented myself with asking  
If they'd kindly consent to be taxed.  
I felt sure that the tiny amount  
Which I ventured to ask them to pay  
Would seem to them fair, on account  
Of the money position to-day.  
Just imagine my pain and surprise  
(It hurts me—my heart nearly stops)  
When the leaders, with fire in their eyes,  
Said, "Just keep your 'ands horf the Co-ops."  
So I said to myself, "Now then, Neville,  
You've got to be ruthless and strong,  
A stern and inflexible devil  
Who'll soon put these blighters in wrong,  
Till they'll wish they'd thought more of the  
Nation  
And less of imaginary rights;  
For a painful but safe operation  
Will sober a donkey that bites.  
But, alas! for my honest intentions,  
My plan marches on; then it stops.  
A little bird enters and mentions  
That it would offend the Co-ops.  
I decided, most foolish of bums  
To let them their "divi" conserve,  
And gingerly to peck at such sums  
As they cared to transfer to reserve.  
Then I toddled home "walking on air;"  
But my arrogant pride had a fall.  
Now I learn with dismay—with despair,  
There won't be any transfers at all.



# The Navy We Need

## We Must Build to Beat the World

By Lieutenant P. K. Kemp, R.N.

"THE business of the British Fleet is to secure our own sea communications while cutting those of an opponent." That was the basis on which Captain Acworth, in a recent article, proceeded to discuss the size, armament and speed of the ships we need.

Yet surely the greatest value of a Navy lies in its power of attack, not defence. The safety of the trade routes is, admittedly, of paramount importance to Britain, but it is only one aspect of Naval policy in war time. The great objective is, and always has been, the defeat of the enemy's fleet, and, failing that, to reduce it to impotence by bottling it up.

We used to be proud, once upon a time, of our title, the Mistress of the Seas, and if we are to regain it, we can only do so with a fleet which can attack and defeat an enemy. Protection of trade routes alone will not regain it. We must be prepared always to take the initiative in Naval warfare and we must build and arm our ships to enable them to do so without undue risk of their own defeat.

### *The Value of Speed*

Taking the question of speed, which Captain Acworth postulates as one of the fallacies which have distorted the design of modern ships, there is no mention whatsoever by him of the tactical advantages to be obtained by superiority in this department. The normal manoeuvring speed of a battle fleet nowadays is 23 to 25 knots, and there can be no question that a considerable advantage must lie with an Admiral who has four or five knots in hand over his adversary. Has Captain Acworth already forgotten the lesson of Coronel? Or the subsequent lesson of the Falkland Islands? In both these battles it was superiority of speed, with its obvious corollary of tactical and positional advantage, which brought success, since a fleet with this superiority can choose its own time and position for joining battle.

Tonnage is governed solely by the fighting and steaming requirements of the ship. If a ship of 10,000 tons will mount the required armament and embody the necessary machinery to give her the required speed, no one is going to suggest making her 15,000 tons just for the pleasure of having a heavier ship. Indeed, naval design has always aimed at the minimum possible tonnage compatible with the required fighting qualities which it is desired to embody in the ship.

### *Torpedoes as a Weapon*

In capital ships and cruisers, the torpedo is the secondary armament, and I do not propose to discuss its value in these classes of ships. But in destroyers and submarines the torpedo is the primary armament, and it is here that its great value lies. Captain Acworth completely ignores

destroyer tactics. They have two main functions, the first being to screen the battlefleet, the second to attack the enemy battlefleet, with possibly minor engagements (chiefly gunnery) against enemy destroyers. They are admirably suited for screening—far more so than the cruisers which Captain Acworth suggests—on account of their high speed and very small turning circle under helm. The value of their second function, attack, was twice demonstrated during the Battle of Jutland, firstly when the German destroyers forced our fleet to turn away to avoid torpedoes (incidentally, the "Marlborough" was hit during this attack), and secondly when a division of our destroyers attacked and sank the "Pommern." These, it is true, are but individual instances of the destroyer's and, of course, the torpedo's uses, but they are enough to demonstrate not only their extreme value as a weapon of attack but also the immense influence they can exert on the course of a fleet action.

So far as the submarine is concerned, the value of the torpedo cannot be questioned. Until someone invents a gun which can be sighted, loaded, trained and fired under water, the torpedo must hold undisputed sway. Captain Acworth is "unable to overlook their grave weaknesses for any service to which Great Britain could put them," but not all of us have yet forgotten the lessons of the German submarine campaign of the last war, and their value in a close blockade of enemy ports cannot be questioned.

### *Battleship Construction*

In the light of the foregoing arguments, it will be pertinent to examine the details of battleship and cruiser construction which Captain Acworth lays down. His battleship is of 12,000 tons, with a speed of 17½ knots and an armament of six 13.5 inch guns. Therefore, it has a salvo of three guns, and a range spread of 120 yards, with a maximum range of about 24,000 yards. Compare that with the modern idea of a battleship. Of 25,000 tons and 24 knots, it carries eight 15-inch guns. It has a salvo of four guns and a range spread of 200 yards, with a maximum range of about 30,000 yards. The two to one argument does not affect the question—though Captain Acworth rather ingenuously advances it—since battleships do not put to sea singly or in pairs. They form part of a fleet and therefore cannot be considered as separate units for fighting purposes. When it comes to a question of the two fleets engaging, the one which fights at 30,000 yards with a speed enabling her to keep at that range must, even though inferior numerically, be able to sink the enemy at leisure.

Now as to cruisers. "Trade Defence" vessels are to be of 2,000 tons, will carry 6-inch guns (not more than three, if that, at that tonnage), and their

speed will be from 15 to 17½ knots. What measure of defence is assured the unlucky convoy in the event of attack by ships similar, say, to the Emden? And even the latest detective devices against submarines are unlikely to be of much avail, since a depth charge must be exploded within 20 yards to ensure disablement; and Captain Acworth's 15-knotters are not going to find it

easy to get sufficiently close before the submarines have altered depth and course.

It must be obvious, surely, that if the convoy system of trade defence is finally adopted, then conveying ships must be of sufficient size, speed and armament to beat off the attack of the most powerful ship likely to attack them. Any other course is suicidal and could not help but result in the failure of the system.

## The Menace of the Gulls

### A New Threat to the Corn Grower

By "Fish-hawk"

THE happy medium in bird preservation seems, in England at least, to be a long time coming, if not actually impossible, birds being either persecuted to the verge of extinction or else allowed to increase till their numbers have assumed the proportion of a plague.

The menace of the superfluous Gull population is one which will have to be faced by all those who have farms, or shootings.

Gulls of late years have increased out of all proportion to their food supply, so much so indeed, that the bird watcher in one place told me that thousands of young birds died of starvation each year.

In former times, gulls were killed in fair numbers for their plumage, while their eggs commanded a ready sale in many places, but nowadays such proceedings are taboo, and consequently the birds multiply exceedingly.

This increase would be harmless if (and it is a big one), the food supply had increased too. But in actual fact the supply has diminished. Modern methods of handling fish have reduced the amount of wastage to a minimum, and whereas tons of fish and offal were dumped as unfit for market, they now find their way into the manure factory for conversion into meal and oil. The gulls, therefore, have to find some other food supply.

Blackheaded and Common Gulls are solving their problem by changing their diet from fish to cereals. In Scotland especially, large quantities of grain are being destroyed annually by these birds.

Gulls may be seen in hundreds flying over the standing crops, nipping off the heads, or else sitting on the stocks and gorging themselves on grain. The husks are swallowed but not digested and are thrown up during the night. Any gull roost will be found littered with these regurgitated remains, which are in such abundance as to preclude effectually the idea that they are accidentally acquired whilst hawking flies.

The damage done to grouse moors by the gulleries is considerable, as many acres of moor are soured by the birds, and no grouse will stay near them.

The Larger Gulls have always been prone to egg stealing, but now that they are so hard put to get food, they are becoming a real menace to game.

A friend told me he had lost 18 partridge nests last spring and almost every case the culprit was a gull.

Great Black Backs are the worst offenders, as they will attack lambs as well, but the Lesser Black Back and the Herring Gull are rapidly becoming as bad, and it will be a poor look out for the coastal shooting grounds in a few years' time.

The constant persecution of Sparrowhawks *et al.* is also having its effect. These birds did yeoman service in keeping the small birds in reasonable proportions. But now that everyone's hand is against them, we are being inundated by Starlings and Sparrows.

Neither of these birds is of much use to us, nor are they interesting ornithologically, but rather do they drive away many of our rarer species.

They are so robust, omnivorous, and adaptable, that they can suit themselves to any environment, and compete successfully against any of their fellows.

In districts near large towns, the damage done to corn crops must be seen to be realised. For a distance of ten yards from every hedge, the corn is stripped bare, and the ground carpeted with husks.

A visit by a murmuration of Starlings will in a few minutes ruin the crop in any orchard, as the birds only attack the best and ripest fruit.

They only consume a small portion of it, it is true, but the hole made allows wasps and damp to complete the work, and effectually destroys the market value.

The whole trouble is due I suppose to man's constant interference with nature's laws and balances, and since it seems quite impossible to make people realise this, I suppose we must expect to be inundated with useless birds like gulls, starlings and sparrows, and go elsewhere to see the really interesting birds.

But it is a pity.

# The Bunk of Mr. Buchman

## To Salvation by the Drawing Room

By Anthony Praga

**I**N order to deal prettily with the new boudoir-shaking religion called Buchmanism, the pen should be dipped in milk; well, let us say, rather, the skim milk of human kindness. I do not propose to be pretty, however.

So far as England is concerned, Buchmanism has got itself called the "Oxford Group,"—for all the world as if it were as significant as that movement of which the fine and final flower was Newman.

To what does it amount? A comfortable, prosperous, clean and well-fed American gentleman, named Frank Buchman (who assures us that he does *not* commit the immortal sin of smoking expensive cigars), claims to have established a system of applied Christianity which is capable of changing human life wherever it touches the hearts of men and women.

### *Weak Tea and Little Sins*

One "shares" experiences; one goes to a kind of semi-public "confession" accompanied by cake and light conversation—something between the Devil and the weak tea, as it were. Little sins that from the most severe of house-masters would earn for a third-form schoolboy an impot. of 50 lines or so are blazoned forth as if panoplied in all the crimson of Borgiastic excess. Little foibles are paraded with an egotistic humility that to the paraders appears to reduce the sin of Judas to an error of tact. And after all this—when the last crumbs have been brushed away, and the last saucer set to drain in the rack—the devotee is said to be "Changed"; he has received an illumination from on high. He has climbed the Mount Sinai of the tea-table, and come down with the fruit-tablets of the Law.

The other day I went to a meeting of the Group at the Central Hall, Westminster. It was an international affair planned to demonstrate the universal character of Mr. Buchman's work. It may sound harsh, but it is possible only to say that the whole thing was soggy—a kind of damp revivalism redeemed by just enough sincerity to outweigh the customary evangelistic hysteria of such affairs.

### *Unkind Little Things*

The thunder and the glory of God were not faintly echoed. There was no Christ with a whip of cords to scourge the money-changers from the Temple. Nothing so vigorous as even the most merciful passages from the Sermon on the Mount was to be heard. Only German ladies and Dutch gentlemen telling a packed audience that now they no longer said unkind little things about their neighbours.

I know that Buchmanism has been praised for

this very thing—that it is "intimate" and "informal." But one asks something more of a revelation from God than cosiness. He who has clothed the lion's neck with thunder and hanged the earth upon nothing; He whom even Job in his agony could not forbear to worship—shall we not expect more than a little mild self-depreciation from those who claim to be His chosen vessels?

The truth is that there is no need to be serious about Buchmanism. It is Christianity with the manhood excised, a typical product of our soft modern mentality—the kind of thing that one might expect from the average politician.

It is mere loose feeling—Faith with the cement left out: Come-unstuckmanism. It lacks alike the Protestant intensity and the Catholic fire. The blood of its saints is pale with pink corpuscles, the dye of its reprobates a mild grey. The confessions of its followers would have made the table-talk of that strong sinner Luther even more obscene than it was.

Yet there is a serious side to the business, and it is this: There is a great deal of talk about "guidance" and "Leading." The Buchmanite is always claiming the direct intervention of his Creator in the commonest affairs of daily life—and claiming it not as a consequence of normal theological teaching, but as a specific and individual act.

### *The Delusion of Guidance*

Now this idea of personal guidance on the part of Providence, when let loose wholesale on immature or shallow minds, is dangerous. It leads, as always in the past, to excess and often hysteria. The history of fanaticism, Christian and pagan, is packed with the records of its disastrous effects. People form the delusion that they are the vehicles of a special revelation: "God told me to do this, God told me to do that, God said I was to tell you so-and-so."

That is how they begin to talk, and that is how the Buchmanites talk now.

It is psychologically a bad and silly business, and it would be blasphemous, were it not so naïve.

There is no time to-day for self-indulgent spiritual experiments. Let us have the man who believes, and is willing to die for his belief, or the man who denies, and is willing to live by his denials. Let them do what they have to do with all the force of their souls.

But let us not encourage Come-unstuckmanism. That policy is already a peril in the affairs of the nation. It must not be allowed to infect the nation's mind.



# The Salvation of India

## The Conservative Case

By Brig.-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., C.M.G., M.P.

**C**ONSERVATIVES who are always so loyal to their appointed leaders and so ready to accept their decisions, when they are in keeping with the traditions and faith of their party, are to-day bewildered and distressed at the extraordinary chain of circumstances which have culminated in the definite suggestion that they should be consenting parties to the ending of British rule in India.

Since our titular leaders have ceased to conserve and are drifting in company with Socialists and Liberal Internationalists on a flood-tide of sentiment, away from the safe harbour of reality, I venture to put before all those who believe in the destiny of the British race and who are torn with anxiety at the course of events, the reasons why they should resist this policy, and I hope also provide them with a rallying point of principle around which they should entrench themselves.

One is met everywhere with the questions—"Why is Britain doing this thing?"—"What is the reason?"—"What has happened that the most glorious achievement in British history should be thrown away?"

Before we answer those questions it is necessary briefly to recapitulate the events which caused our Statesmen to stampede.

### *The Course of Events*

At the time of the war, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at that time Secretary of State for India, owing to administrative failures on the part of the India Government in the conduct of the war for which he could not personally be held responsible, decided in accordance with the great traditions of bygone days to resign his office.

The late Mr. Edwin Montagu, a sincere idealist, seized the opportunity to make a general attack upon Indian administration, and, to the surprise of everyone, was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Lloyd George, who at that time was at the height of his power.

Without waiting to acquire any real knowledge of Indian affairs, Mr. Montagu made a speech in which he declared his intention to "stir Indians out of their pathetic contentment," and, he proceeded, whilst the minds of most patriots were still absorbed in winning the war and, later, of solving the peace, to devise measures for the democratic Government of India.

Mr. Lloyd George, ever emotional, was at that time genuinely desirous, as we all were, to show to the people of India that Britain wished to recognise the great contribution of Indian arms to the British cause, and he allowed Mr. Montagu a free rein, whilst he concerned himself with other weighty matters.

Neither Mr. Lloyd George nor a war-weary House of Commons had time to appreciate that in applying democratic institutions to India they were not responding to any desire of the martial races of India, none of whom took any interest in politics, but were giving the "reward" to political agitators of whom hardly any had risked their lives in defence of the Empire or of India, and who were generally despised by the fighting men of the Native Indian Army, to whom we owed so much.

Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, the Viceroy who later became a Socialist Minister, persisted in their reforms, and, in spite of the fact that their proposals were regarded with the greatest suspicion and indeed hostility by the leading men on the spot, rushed their Bill through a lethargic House of Commons and committed Britain to a great step in the self-government of India.

### *The Extent of Britain's Commitment*

**The Government of India Act laid down that at the end of ten years Parliament should decide whether the Reforms were a success, and after enquiry should "extend, modify or restrict" the reforms embodied in that Act.**

This is the only pledge which binds Parliament, and from the words used it is clear that the reforms could either be widened, the powers could be modified, or, if Parliament in its wisdom so decided, it could actually reassume some of the authority it had parted with.

Parliament alone could "decide," and in consequence the Government of the day, which happened to be Conservative, appointed the Statutory Commission, which was an authoritative body with respected representatives of all three parties under the leadership of Sir John Simon.

The Commission, after two years' exhaustive study, a great deal of which was carried on in India, issued a masterly report which received the unanimous support of the press of this country, and was generally regarded by all British serving in India as a most remarkable and complete picture of Indian conditions. The suggested reforms, although received in some quarters with great anxiety, more especially where they proposed to transfer the Judiciary and Police from British to Indian hands, met with the general approval of all leaders of thought. The proposals were regarded, however, as the utmost limit to which Great Britain could go.

### *Scrapping the Simon Commission*

There then happened a most amazing thing, for the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, instead of asking Parliament to accept the report of its own Commission, refused even to give the House of Commons the opportunity of debating the report on its merits, and without even consulting Sir John Simon set up a body which had no place in our constitution, namely, the first Round Table Conference.

It can be definitely stated that, when the delegates assembled for the First Round Table Conference, not one of them had any kind of mandate for discussing proposals for abandoning British Government at the Centre in India. Every Cabinet, every Secretary of State and every Viceroy up to that date had expressly ruled out such a possibility.

The Montagu-Chelmsford report had declared against it, the Government of India Act ruled it out except as a distant ideal, and the Simon Commission had with emphasis turned it down. Even Lord Irwin, in July of this year, before the Select Committee had explained that his phrase with reference to Dominion Status had no reference to the present situation.

### *The Volte Face*

Suddenly, because the representative of the Chamber of Princes stated their readiness to consider Federation, and was backed by eloquent speeches from the Maharajahs of Alwar and Kashmir, Lord Reading, without even consulting the Conservative delegates, welcomed these statements as changing the whole situation, and the Conservative delegates, instead of making it clear that they had no mandate for such a revolution, allowed Lord Reading to "put them in the cart," and they remained in the cart without protest of any kind.

We heard in all the newspapers that this was an

"entirely new situation," and that it was a "wonderful surprise."

Apparently the complexities of India had changed in a night, communal difficulties no longer existed, and the Princes, Hindu or Moslem, were "such a Conservative element" that their religious differences would no longer influence their decisions, and they could be relied upon to vote for stability, peace and concord!

This "surprise" could hardly have been so surprising to Lord Reading, because we have since read that it was no surprise to the *Statesman*, which was aware of conversations which had been proceeding for two years between certain Princes, Congress and Liberal leaders. Nor could it have been a surprise to the Prime Minister, because his son "let the cat out of the bag" when he proudly informed his constituents that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had written the concluding paragraph of the first White Paper before this question was raised at the Conference and before Conservatives had defined their policy.

Enough has been said to show that the Prime Minister was committed to this amazing proposal all along, and there is reason to believe that Lord Reading was *au fait* with the proposal long before it reached the light of day.

Whether Mr. Wedgwood Benn also was ignorant of the conversations which had proceeded in India for two years, we are not informed. What we do know is that the birth of this policy as far as Britain was concerned was Socialist, and its nurse was Liberal.

In concluding this short historical survey, it must be mentioned that a year afterwards one of the greatest authorities amongst the Princes stated that when these proposals were first made the Princes did not understand their full implications, and it is common knowledge that to this day, in spite of desperate efforts on the part of the India Office, the majority of Princes have not accepted the proposals.

Lastly, when Mr. MacDonald had drafted his first White Paper, he thrust it upon Parliament directly it reassembled after the Election, and, before any of the young Members had time to examine its far-reaching proposals, they were forced into the Lobby in support of its general contents by the full power of the Government Whips.

To this day Parliament has never had a straight vote for or against the Simon Commission's report or on the abdication of British Government at the Centre.

### No Mandate

In the first chapter the Socialist genesis of the White Paper policy was explained and the story told up to the formation of the National Government.

The Conservative Party decided at a memorable gathering to support the action of its leader in joining the National Government on a very definite understanding that they did so for two purposes, namely, the balancing of the Budget and the balancing of the Nation's trade.

No mention was ever made, much less sanction asked, for any grave constitutional reform such as the abdication by Britain of the Central Government in India; indeed, the meeting was clearly under the impression that the National Government was formed to meet the emergency of the National crisis, and that when that task was completed the function of the National Government would be ended.

When the writer seconded the Vote of Confidence in Mr. Baldwin, proposed on that occasion by Lord Hailsham, he, like all his friends, was convinced that this was the true situation.

The Conservative Party, not without many misgivings amongst its supporters in the country, and with a generosity unparalleled in our political history, thus sunk for the time being its individuality under the Premiership of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

It gave its trust to its leaders and deserved the most meticulous care that that trust should in no way be abused.

### The Extent of the Mandate

The election then took place, and Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin appealed to the country to give them a mandate to use any means to solve the financial and economic crisis. The country gave an overwhelming verdict for this purpose.

From start to finish of the Election, India was absent from any of the leaders' manifestos and hardly mentioned in a single speech. No word in the whole campaign was uttered which could have given an indication that the great Conservative majority which was returned to Westminster should be asked to reverse its whole tradition and be used to force through a policy involving the handing over of all Government in India from British to Indian hands.

In September, 1932, the second Round Table Conference was set up, and the Prime Minister declared for "Responsibility at the Centre."

The Conservative Party now realised the immense implications of this policy, and at the Conference of the National Union at Blackpool the delegates showed very definitely their hostility to these proposals.

Sir Samuel Hoare succeeded in preventing a direct vote by assuring the delegates that nothing would be done until the proposals were submitted to a Joint Select Committee of both Houses of Parliament.

His speech appeared to be reasonable to many delegates, who imagined a Select Committee of both Houses would be appointed composed of Members, the majority of whom at least would not be committed beforehand to support the policy instituted by the late Socialist Government.

Certainly they had no conception that the Committee would, when set up, be packed to the extent of three to one in favour of abandonment of British Government at the Centre.

Conservatives in the new Parliament, before the newly-elected members had found their feet, and before any of them had had time to study the vast problem of Indian Reform, were forced into the Lobby to support the Prime Minister's first White Paper.

Meanwhile, it was made clear by Lord Hailsham in the House of Lords "that no one who is voting for the proposals will be in any way committed to accept the scheme or vote for that, constitution unless he is satisfied that the safeguards are adequate and the protections set up real and efficient."

The Second Round Table Conference broke up without anything settled owing to communal differences and the hesitation of the Princes.

Meanwhile, pledges had been given to Parliament that a Communal settlement would not be imposed on India, and that the scheme would not be proceeded with unless a majority of the Princes came in, neither of which conditions have been fulfilled.

The Third Round Table Conference was then set up, and in February, 1933, the fortune of the ballot gave the writer the opportunity of moving a motion in the House of Commons to the following effect:—

### Burking the Issue

"That this House, whilst keeping in view the ultimate ideal of a federal government of all India, is convinced that, in face of existing financial conditions and the inadequacy of the proposed safeguards as outlined in the last Report of the Recent Round Table Conference, the transference of responsibility at the centre is inexpedient at the present time; it urges therefore that the first step should be the extension of self-government to the provinces and approves the Report of the Statutory Commission, subject to the temporary reservation of the administration of justice and public security; and this House further affirms its belief that, until self-government has proved effective in the provinces, and the provinces with due experience are prepared to federate with the Indian States as partners of the British Empire, the bestowal of central self-government would be fraught with grave danger to the welfare of the 350,000,000 inhabitants of India and to the vast British interests

*involved in that country, upon which such large numbers of British workers depend for their livelihood."*

In order to avoid a direct vote, Lord Eustace Percy moved an amendment shelving the issue on the ground that it was not expedient at that time for the House to commit itself.

Contrary to custom, the Government Whips were put on against a Private Member's Motion, and carried their amendment with the help of Mr. George Lansbury, Mr. Maxton, Sir Herbert Samuel and their followers, the majority of Conservative back-benchers abstaining.

Thus the Government Whips told against the report of Parliament's own Statutory Commission, although, strangely enough, on the following Wednesday, when Mr. Maxton moved a full-blooded Vote of Censure on the Government and all its works, the Whips took no action.

The Council of the National Union then met, and an amendment to a hostile motion on India was only carried by a majority of twenty-four, whilst three times that number abstained, after Sir Samuel Hoare had again pleaded that the time was not opportune for a decision and promising anew all the advantages of an apparently impartial Select Committee.

The great Annual Conference of the Women's Unionist Association met and declared against the Government policy with decisive majorities.

The Junior Imperial League also met and gave an emphatic verdict against the Indian surrender.

At the next quarterly meeting of the Council of the National Union, the motion of Lord Lloyd, expressing grave anxiety at the proposals, was again avoided by Fabian tactics. Mr. Baldwin on this occasion, taking the exceptional course of making a special appeal to the Conference to trust in the Select Committee which had recently been packed with an overwhelming majority of "yes men."

It will thus be seen that two or three leaders of the Conservative Party are persisting in a policy for which they had no shred of mandate at the Election, and which is repudiated by the women and the youth of the Party, whilst no direct vote has been allowed either in Parliament or at the National Union.

The people's representatives and the Conservative Party's representatives have been fobbed off continuously with amendments postponing any decision.

*(To be concluded next week)*

## Laws That Make Lawsuits

### The Scandal of Slipshod Draftings

By David Learmonth

**T**HE new Rents Act is expected to produce a spate of litigation. There are several clauses which can be interpreted in various ways, contingencies which have not been provided for.

It has ever been so whenever legislation of a far-reaching character has been placed on the Statute Book. We have become, in fact, so used to such a state of affairs that we no longer trouble to complain. We know complaint will be useless, that Parliament, like a hack writer of novelettes, is far too busy turning out new matter to find time to revise slipshod work. Far simpler to leave this to the sub-editors, whom those who require lucidity will have to pay.

#### The Ideal Bill

It may be that a perfectly drafted bill about a complex subject is a thing impossible to achieve; but the public has a right to expect that every effort should be made to reach this goal. The Law Officers of the Crown are paid enormous salaries and their subordinates who do the actual drafting are also adequately remunerated. They are well paid on the ground that they are skilled in the technique of the law and, therefore, able to draft a bill which shall contain the minimum of ambiguity.

When a new act needs to be clarified by the judges in several essential particulars one is entitled to ask whether someone has not neglected his duty. Assuming this to be so, one wonders whether disciplinary action is ever taken in such cases. In commercial life one employs a skilled worker—and pays him accordingly—only so long as he retains, and exercises, his skill. A man, for example, whose inaccurate estimates involved his firm in substantial losses over contracts would not ex-

pect to retain his position. The directors might like him personally; but they could not afford to keep him on any more than a firm of motor manufacturers could afford to retain a designer whose designs proved habitually inferior to those of competitors.

#### A Growing Scandal

Yet for generations the scandal of the loosely drafted bill has existed and, what is even more disturbing, it has increased during recent years.

I admit the remedy may not be as simple as it might seem. Bills are often mutilated by both Houses, clauses are added, amendments passed. It may well be difficult to appreciate the exact effect of these alterations; for the law is a complicated thing. Yet a section of the legal department exists solely to unravel such mysteries, to point out ambiguities, and to make certain that, in its final form, a bill is as watertight as it is possible to make it. On this department the responsibility rests and ultimately on the Law Officers of the Crown.

Whatever the difficulties, the fact remains that ambiguous legislation is a sign of faulty workmanship. There is far too much inferior workmanship to-day. We do not demand infallibility of our public servants; but we are entitled to expect the greatest possible application and skill from a body of men who are paid to exhibit these qualities.

We are harassed enough by laws without being forced to incur the expense of obtaining a judicial ruling in order to enable us to conform to them. If the existing machinery is inadequate to ensure lucidity it should be strengthened; if Government officials are to blame they should be replaced by others more industrious and more competent. In any case the position calls for searching enquiry.



# A Monte Carlo Frenzy

## When Gordon Bennett Locked Himself in the Lift

### By Lt.-Col. Cyril Foley

**I**F you make money in the City, it is probably at someone's expense; if you are successful on the Turf, the bookmakers suffer; and if you win at cards, it is to the detriment of your friends. These reasons alone make gambling at Monte Carlo less illegitimate than any other gambling.

Yet, if you told some people that you were going to Alexandra Park, they might pray for you; if you told them you were off to Monte Carlo, they would consider you past prayer.

I have the pleasantest recollections of Monte Carlo, not only because I invariably won there, but because I saw some most amusing incidents which are indelibly impressed upon my memory. Undoubtedly the most striking of them all was the episode of the lift and Mr. Gordon Bennett, the Editor of the *New York Herald*. Gordon Bennett was a very able man, with a curious though regular habit of getting blind drunk once a year. This annual event took place, one year, on the occasion of a big dinner party given by him at the Hotel de Paris, to which I had been invited. Like good Samaritans, Mrs. Arthur Paget, as she then was, and I elected to watch over him after dinner. We all three went into the Casino together, and Bennett stopped at the first roulette table he came to, in what we used to call "The Servants' Hall," and threw a louis on the cloth. It fell on 17. Up it came.

#### Throwing Money About

Bennett insisted on being paid in louis, and then proceeded to chuck eight or nine of the thirty-five of them all over the board. Some of these settled at once, while others did not, and these latter either rolled on to the laps of those players who were seated, or on to the floor. The former he mostly recovered, but not so the latter.

The old women habitués who amble round the room, seeking what they can pinch, arrived from nowhere, like vultures. Most of them had taken the precaution to put some sticky substance on the soles of their shoes, and these had the night of their lives. One stamp, off to the ladies' cloakroom, louis removed, sticky substance renewed, and back again. Apart from these minor losses, Bennett had marvellous luck, and soon had over two milles in louis in a pile. Now 100 louis forms a big heap, and every time he dived his hand into the mass, at least four or five fell on the floor. The "vultures" gathered round him, and reaped a tremendous harvest. At one time there was a sort of step-dance going on behind him, and the procession to the cloakroom became a queue.

At long last we induced him to desist, and, gathering up his winnings, placed them in Mrs. Arthur Paget's bag, and managed to get him to

the Hotel de Paris. On arrival there, we put him in the lift and walked upstairs to his floor, where we got hold of his valet, counted out the money (128 louis, I think it was) and got a receipt for them. Just as we were leaving, the valet said: "Where is Mr. Bennett?" Where indeed!

We had walked upstairs, and spent quite ten minutes over the money, whereas he had come up in the lift! On getting outside, we heard a tumult of angry voices rising from below. What had happened was this. Bennett had allowed the lift-man to get out of the lift on arrival at his floor, and had then snapped the gate to, and had been amusing himself by shooting up to the top of the hotel and down again.

As it was about one o'clock and the Casino closed, masses of people were trying to go to bed. Amongst them were several Grand Dukes and Duchesses who had never walked upstairs in their lives, and had no intention of seeing what it felt like. For the moment Bennett was easily the most unpopular man on the Riviera. Demands were made that Mons. Fleury should be sent for. After a while he duly arrived, clad in a purple dressing-gown, and was immediately surrounded by an infuriated mob.

#### Thumb to Nose

When Bennett arrived at the ground floor for the fifteenth time, a rush was made at the lift. Bennett placed the thumb of his right hand on the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, pulled the lift cord with his other hand, and vanished.

To those who, like myself, slept on the ground floor, the scene had no drawbacks. After a while, watchers were placed on all the eight floors, with instructions to notify his progress. Cries of "Attention! Silence! Il descend!" were raised, and as he came to rest a zealous chasseur rushed at the lift, clutching the gate with both hands. He, of course, accompanied Bennett on his eighteenth ascent, but had the good sense to let go at twenty feet, and the good fortune to fall on a Grand Duke.

Incredible though it may appear, the *Pompiers* were eventually sent for, though what good they could have done beats me. What use could a fire hose turned on a disappearing object be? However, before their arrival, his valet succeeded in dislodging him by a subterfuge which I, for one, should have voted as being utterly useless.

As Bennett arrived for the nineteenth time, he stepped quietly up to the lift and said "*Tout le monde descend.*" To everyone's amazement, Bennett opened the gate and walked out like a lamb. I asked him two days later why he had got out of the lift. He said "What lift?" So we shall never know.

SERIAL

## The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. This instalment opens with the General Strike of 1926.*

The Press of May 2 touchingly related that Mr. Thomas was "striving for peace"—but so was Mr. Cook also! Nevertheless, according to Mr. Cook, Mr. Thomas said to him just after they left Downing Street on that fateful night of May 2: "We must now, Cook, fight for our lives."<sup>3</sup> Nine days later, when the strike had proved a failure, Mr. Thomas declared at Hammersmith: "I have never disguised and I do not disguise that I have never been in favour of the general strike."<sup>4</sup>

Who, then, was in favour of it except the small body of avowed Communists who had been officially disavowed by the trade unions? At any rate, it happened, and the Labour leaders gave it all the support in their power.

On May 3 the printers refused to print the *Daily Mail* owing to a patriotic article entitled "For King and Country," and when on the following day Mr. George Isaacs, General Secretary of Natsopa (National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants), issued the order to all printers to cease work, in other words, to close down the whole constitutional Press, the revolutionary situation was complete. Six years earlier a Russian who had lived through the Bolshevik Revolution said to the present writer: "The first thing the revolutionaries will do, when the time comes, is to close down your Press. You ought to be training compositors now." But no such precaution had been taken. The *British Gazette* was hastily inaugurated and produced as by a miracle on May 5. At the same time the General Council of the T.U.C. started its organ, the *British Worker*—the only paper trade unionists were allowed to handle. Thus, under "Labour" rule, all contrary opinion was to be suppressed, and the revolutionary minority, as in Russia, were to exercise an absolute dictatorship over the country.

The cool proposal that the T.U.C. should be entrusted with the distribution of food supplies was mercifully turned down by the Government. That it should have been made was evidence of the ignorance attributed to Conservative statesmen by the trade union leaders. It was presumed that they knew nothing of the project around which the general strike centres, namely, to starve the Government and "bourgeoisie" into submission to the dictates of the strikers according to the plan admitted by Bramley in the words "we were not going to cut off our own supplies." Whether aware of this design or not, the Government perceived the impossibility of trusting the food supply

of the country to the men who had called the strike, and set up a magnificent organisation for the provisioning of London by means of a food "pool" in Hyde Park, whence supplies were carried by transport in charge of volunteers to all parts of the city. Nevertheless, we were obliged to endure the humiliation of seeing vans bringing food to our doors plastered with the notice: "By permission of the T.U.C." So that apparently it was only by the good pleasure of a handful of trade union leaders that the nation was allowed to live!

Undoubtedly the situation was admirably handled by the Government, but it was the spirit of the people that won the day. The heads of the T.U.C. had counted on intimidating Cabinet Ministers, but they reckoned without the force of public opinion. The young men who drove the buses, ran the trains, trundled luggage, rolled milk-cans; the young women who acted as cooks and chauffeurs; indeed, the men and women of all ages who came forward and did their bit in the country's hour of need, were the real victors, and the gaiety with which they carried out their tasks did even more than their courage to win the day. Mr. Baldwin declared it to have been a victory for common sense; it was still more a victory for a sense of humour. The great British revolution, heralded with so many solemn threats, had ended in a burlesque.

Yet, beneath its surface gaiety the general strike of May, 1926, was one of the most serious events in the history of the country. It had demonstrated the fact that, though "the British working-man is not a revolutionary," he can be stampeded into a revolutionary course out of a sense of loyalty to revolutionary leaders; it had further demonstrated the complete subservience of the so-called "Moderates" to the "Extremists" at times of crisis, and had thus provided a warning as to what might happen if a general strike were to occur when these same "Moderates" held the reins of government. As Mr. George Lansbury afterwards observed: "Had a Socialist Government been in power, the whole forces of the State would have been used to fling off the backs of the people the most greedy, incompetent and brutal set of monopolists this land had ever been cursed with and to take back land and minerals," etc.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ben Turner declared that "the Great Strike was a great success,"<sup>2</sup> and that "if another general strike occurs the workers

<sup>3</sup> *The Nine Days*, by A. J. Cook, p. 13.

<sup>4</sup> *British Gazette*, May 11, 1926.

<sup>1</sup> Speech at Thaxted, reported in *Eastern Daily Press*, May 25, 1926.

<sup>2</sup> *Forward*, May 29, 1926.

## SERIAL

must have time to prepare for it and must have schemes in readiness for meeting critical emergencies."<sup>2</sup>

It would be a mistake, however, to treat bravado of this kind too seriously. After their defeat, the only course for the "Labour" leaders was to bluff it out and justify themselves in the eyes of their deluded followers. But the weapon of the general strike, if not broken, had been badly blunted and could not be used again for some time to come. All this was to the good; the nine days of May had cleared the air, and the Government had emerged from the situation with flying colours.

Yet, whilst recognising the efficiency with which the general strike was countered, one is inevitably led to ask: "Should it have occurred at all?" It cost the country in the end £80,000,000, and lost markets that have never been recovered. If only the Macquisten Bill had not been turned down; if, better still, the Conservative Government, whilst on the crest of the wave after its victory at the polls in October, 1924, had itself brought in a Bill on the lines suggested earlier in this chapter, limiting the powers of the trade unions and suppressing seditious agitations; if, again, the Astbury Judgment of May 11, 1926, declaring the general strike illegal, had been delivered whilst this revolutionary scheme was still in contemplation, what loss of trade, of wealth and of prosperity might have been avoided!

But it was not until a year later, after irreparable damage had been done, that the Government at last decided to bring in the Trade Disputes Bill by which: (1) a general strike or lock-out was made illegal; (2) intimidation was made illegal; (3) no person should be compelled to subscribe to the funds of a political party unless he so desired; and (4) Civil Servants should owe undivided allegiance to the State.

The Bill was moved on April 4, 1927, passed its second reading on May 2, and became law in the following July.

Needless to say, the Labour Party launched a violent campaign against what it was pleased to term the "Anti-Trade Union Bill," which limited the tyranny they exercised over the organised workers and deprived their funds of subscriptions to which they had no moral right. In reality, nothing fairer could be imagined, and the only cause for indignation was that such glaring injustices should not have been removed before. As the Attorney-General, Sir Douglas Hogg (now Lord Hailsham), explained:

Any member of a Trade Union who desires to subscribe to the political funds for the furtherance of Socialism through the machinery of his Trade Union is at liberty to do so.

What the Act does is to ensure that only those Trade Unionists who do wish to subscribe money to the Socialist Party shall be liable to contribute, and that the thousands of Conservative and Liberal working-men can belong to the Trade Unions appropriate to their industries without incurring any liability to pay money for the support of political doctrines which they detest and believe to be fatal to the true interests of the nation.<sup>3</sup>

How readily the workers responded to this measure for their liberation was shown by the large decline in subscriptions to Labour Party funds; according to Miss Ellen Wilkinson, the Party's income declined by about 50 per cent.<sup>2</sup> The Communists proposed a general strike in protest, but the Labour Party contented themselves with declaring that they would repeal the Bill as soon as they came into office again.

### 4. Relations with Russia

"The Conservative Government," remarks the Conservative Central Office Handbook of 1929, in its section on the break with Russia, "had displayed extraordinary patience in face of the never-ceasing campaign by the Soviet to foment trouble in this country and to create difficulties for Britain in other parts of the world. It had repeatedly warned the Soviet Government that, although the British Government desired to avoid a rupture, the continuance of such provocative actions must sooner or later make a break inevitable."<sup>1</sup>

For the lay mind, it is difficult to understand why this prolonged patience should have been exercised. The nation had clearly signified its impatience by returning the Conservative Party to power, mainly on the issue of Bolshevik intrigue, and the natural corollary to the Zinoviev letter would surely have been an instant rupture with the Soviet Government. But this course of action was strongly opposed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, now Foreign Secretary, and his supporters in the House of Commons. The curious argument was advanced, as it had been in the case of Communist agitation, that to suppress Bolshevik propaganda would be "to drive it underground." The precise meaning of this phrase is not clear. Because a movement is allowed to flourish in the open, this does not preclude underground activities any more than the building up of a house prevents the existence of cellars. The Communist Party of Great Britain, allowed a free hand from the beginning, had always had what were known officially as its "underground members," and its more important activities were naturally of the subterranean kind. Bolshevik intrigue in this country had been carried on by the same methods, and to suppress open propaganda would surely not have been to increase its danger but to render it to a large extent abortive.

Again it was urged that a rupture with the Soviet Government would damage trade. But such apprehensions were afterwards seen to be unfounded. For, as the Central Office Handbook points out: "It has been alleged that the break with Russia has adversely affected trade with that country. But no embargo was placed on trade with Russia. . . Trade with Russia—both import and export—was actually higher in 1927 than it was under the Socialist Government."<sup>2</sup> From the trade point of view alone, it seems therefore regrettable that the break did not occur earlier, whilst, as far as the political situation was con-

<sup>2</sup> *Sunday Worker*, June 6, 1926.

<sup>3</sup> Interview in *Morning Post*, August 1, 1927.

<sup>1</sup> *Election Notes for Conservative Speakers*, p. 97.

<sup>2</sup> *Election Notes for Conservative Speakers*, p. 324.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 325.



## SERIAL

cerned, nothing but harm resulted from the continued presence of the Bolsheviks in the country. Such was the forbearance shown to Russia that, when in May, 1926, the Soviet Government proposed to send £100,000 to the T.U.C. in aid of the general strike, the British Government contented itself with declining to allow the money to be paid over, and even permitted funds to be supplied to the miners from Russia. But no protest was entered against the action of the Soviet Government as a violation of the Trade Agreement.

In December of the same year Mr. Cook visited Moscow in person and, in an address to the Trades Union Congress in that City, was reported by the Moscow Press as saying:

We need your help, we need your experience and we need the teachings of Marx and Lenin so that we may find a way out of the difficulties experienced now in Great Britain. . . . We must have the means and we must have ammunition.

To which Rykoff (Chief Commissar), Voroshilov (Commissar for War) and Bukharin of the Polit-Bureau responded with assurances of sympathy and support. Voroshilov emphasised the necessity of increasing the manufacture of war materials. Rykoff observed: "The chief reason for the defeat of the British miners was the treachery of the leaders of moderation. . . . The part played by the Soviet Unions and the whole population of the U.S.S.R. must be enhanced."

Then at last in February 1927 the British Government issued a final warning, the sixth, in the form of a Note from Sir Austin Chamberlain to the Soviet Government. As usual the Bolsheviks fell back on their dual-personality excuse. Their official organ, *Izvestia*, observed:

With regard to the charges against politicians of the Soviet Union of calling for a world revolution and against Bukharin and Voroshilov of making statements abusing Great Britain, the Soviet Government has never given an undertaking to anybody to prevent Russian citizens, whether private persons or members of the Government, from voicing in speeches a firm belief in an inevitable world revolution when such utterances are made on Soviet territory.

Even the patience of the Conservative Government was now exhausted, and when in the spring of this year a confidential document, found to be missing from the War Office, was traced to "Arcos," it was decided to make a surprise raid on the building.

This organisation had now grown into a vast octopus of Bolshevik activity. Besides the headquarters, "Soviet House," at 49, Moorgate Street, acquired at a cost of nearly £300,000, occupying six floors and housing not only the Trade Delegation, with its large staff and thirty-eight departments, but the Bank for Russian Trade, Arcos also controlled a timber agency at 153, Moorgate Street, a Steamship Enquiries Company (distributing W.I.R. propaganda) in Mason's Avenue, an Information Department at 68, Lincoln's Inn Fields, etc. Besides these there

were the Centrosoyus (Central Union of Consumers' Societies) at 46, South Buildings, Holborn, the Centrosoyus Press in Camberwell, the Moscow Narodny Bank and two Russian bookshops for the circulation of Bolshevik literature. In 1923 a branch of the Cheka (now known as the G.P.U. or in this country as the OGPU) had been established in London by order of Dzerzhinsky with an income of £10,000 a year.

Moscow was thus well equipped for the task of disrupting Great Britain, and a simultaneous raid on these various organisations might have led to still more interesting discoveries. The Government, however, decided to confine its attention to the headquarters of Arcos, and at 4.30 in the afternoon of May 12, 1927, a large force of police surrounded "Soviet House" and at a given signal burst into the building. A thorough search was then made throughout every department and although the missing document was not discovered, this did not prove, as the Socialists declared, that the authorities had acted on false information, since the cipher clerk, Anton Miller, was surprised in the very act of burning papers, and others were disposed of in more ingenious ways. At any rate, the search revealed the manner in which the Soviet Trade Delegation had been used as a cover for Bolshevik intrigue, for correspondence was discovered with Communists and revolutionary trade union organisations in this country, for agitation against the Trade Disputes Bill and for complicity in the outbreak that had taken place in China by means of the "Hands off China" Movement. The documents seized provided further evidence of the continued violation of the Trade Agreement by the Soviet Government in the relations between Peking and Moscow. Although Rosengoltz, the Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, had decided that Jacob Borodin, alias Michael Grusenberg, the chief author of the troubles in that city, was "a private individual who is not and never has been in the service of the Soviet Government," and Litvinov had maintained that "the Soviet Government had no kind of connection with him or responsibility for him," a telegram was now brought to light from the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs to the Soviet representative in Peking, dated November 12, 1926, in which it was stated that "Comrade Borodin is to take his orders direct from Moscow."

An overwhelming case against the Soviet Government had now been made out, which was afterwards published in a White Paper (Cmd. 2874), "Documents illustrating the Hostile Activities of the Soviet Government and Third International against Great Britain," and on May 24 the Government decided to terminate the Trade Agreement and to sever diplomatic relations with Russia. The Socialists, of course, violently opposed this measure, which was passed, however, by a majority of 357 votes to 111.

Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; September 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; October 7, 14 and 21.

<sup>1</sup> Daily Mail, December 14, 1926.

# At the Sign of the Turtle

## The City Banquet and The Empire

By Hugh Liddon

**W**HAT though the dim November days are upon us, and the rain has lost its sparkle, and a dagger lurks in every breeze? One place, at any rate, is in its glory. Now is the City's month of festival. Now is the time when the thoughts of every true-hearted Londoner turn to time-blackened oaken doors and to shining banquets beyond; to gold plate and turtle soup; to robes of scarlet and mazarine; to chains of office, powdered footmen and three-cornered hats; to the old Show, rumbling and braying through the narrow City streets and up the sanded slope to Temple Bar. Strange blend of obsolete mummery and vital inspiration.

Standing the other morning beneath that good deed of the Eighteen-Sixties—the open-timbered Guildhall roof—I fell to pondering especially on turtle soup. What is its real association with the City's inner self? True, all sorts of people anywhere are at liberty to have as much as they like—or can afford. But the link with London is definite.

### *The Soup of a Period*

The secret is simple enough. Both in its liquid and its solid form, turtle was the voguish luxury during a particular period—the same period, when you come to think of it, as the three-cornered hats, the powdered wigs, the Lord Mayor's gilded coach and practically the whole character of the City's pageant as now crystallised. It belonged to the Eighteenth century. The City has just as much right to proclaim herself Roman, Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, Cromwellian or Victorian. For reasons of her own she has chosen the Eighteenth Century as her permanent period. From what one can see, nothing but a municipal earthquake—if that—would shake this allegiance.

Look around the Guildhall itself. What is it that most vividly impresses the average visitor pilgrim? Is it Gog and Magog, glowering from their far away corners in the dark recesses of the gallery? Hardly. Is it the memorial to Nelson, or to Wellington, or to the Royal Fusiliers? Is it the noble prose of Canning's tribute to the younger Pitt, with its reminder that though "dispensing near twenty years the favours of the Crown, he lived without ostentation, and he died poor"? No! The figure which immediately seizes attention—"No. 1" on the official catalogue—is that of Lord Mayor Beckford. He, as it happened, lived in an orgy of ostentation; and he died rich.

Not more than a small percentage of visitors to the Guildhall have probably ever heard of Lord Mayor Beckford. Nor are they much to blame. It matters not much to the popular mind that he won enormous wealth from slave-tilled plantations in the West Indies—where the best turtles still come from—entertained on a scale more lavish than

had ever been known in the City before, and was the father of the recluse author of that wild pseudo-Oriental fantasy, "Vathek," which reads like a Bakst ballet. Even on the recommendations of an admiring biographer he was a queer, irascible old fellow. His proper title to fame is that his backing was of immense use to the really great Chatham, and that his millions put him in a position to remonstrate on a certain occasion with George the Third in person. It was his to assure a curt and indignant monarch that any doubter of the City's loyalty was a "betrayal of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious Revolution."

### *The Spirit of Old England*

The speech itself is recorded in full upon old Beckford's pedestal. We must look elsewhere, however, if we want to picture to ourselves the scene as it was. The oration was made, we read, in a voice "the reverse of harmonious" and marked by a vehemence of action which interfered with its delivery." In the House of Commons, it appears, Beckford "sometimes provoked risibility and at other times was tedious." But the splendours of Fonthill, his now-legendary Wiltshire seat, and feasts of unparalleled magnificence at the Mansion House, covered a multitude of mannerisms. There seems to have been something fine about him, too, under that eccentric exterior. He was honest, forthright, "incapable of shuffling or evasion"—and there was little he did not know about commerce with the colonies. Chatham himself was, perhaps, not very far wrong in his reference to Beckford's colloquy with "Varmer Jarge." "The spirit of old England," he said, "spoke that never-to-be-forgotten day."

For me Lord Mayor Beckford stands forth as something more important, after all, than a picturesque worthy whose gaunt visage, uplifted hand and little bob-wig infuse an air of comedy into an otherwise solemn precinct. Whatever he said to George the Third—and the accuracy of the report was challenged at the time—he represented the first assertion of the City as the heart of an Empire. He was the first great colonial Lord Mayor. He had not come from the West Indies for nothing. His support of Chatham through thick and thin showed what the Colonies meant to London and London to the Colonies.

He thus brings home to us—out of a time overcharged with petty intrigue and parochial controversy—the fact that in the Eighteenth Century the City first began to understand its Imperial responsibilities as well as the riches it drew from them. This is the right reason, surely, why we cling to those tawdry trappings. It may also be one reason why turtle soup—emblem of our first great oversea settlement—came to be numbered among the City's official libations.

# Brahms, the Ballet, and Bax

## M. Massine's Latest Experiment

By Herbert Hughes

WHEN M. Massine invented a choreographic setting for Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony he took most of us by surprise. We had been so long accustomed to regard Tchaikovsky irreverently as a bit of a mutt who wore his heart on his sleeve, hopelessly *démodé*, that to find his music thus visualised and transformed, without the alteration of a single note, was a shock to our standard of values. I have spoken with no musician who was not impressed; and the natural result of such an ear-opening achievement is that Tchaikovsky's stock has definitely risen.

In spite of all the bouquets and laurel wreaths that were handed up to the stage of the Alhambra on Tuesday evening I do not feel that M. Massine has similarly succeeded with the Fourth Symphony of Brahms. Between Brahms and Tchaikovsky the aesthetic and intellectual relationship is exceedingly remote. Temperamentally they are the antithesis of each other, and M. Massine's imaginative approach to the Russian's symphony seemed as simple and right as his attitude towards the German's seems complicated and wrong. It is not easy to say in a few words precisely why this should be so. It seems to lie as much in the intellectual as in the emotional difference between the two symphonists. That heart-on-the-sleeve quality is practically all of Tchaikovsky's music was miraculously raised by stage action to another plane and one came away persuaded that that was its true plane. In no way did the choreography seem to be superimposed; it did not intrude upon one's own conception (and no doubt there were as many conceptions as there were people in the audience). Brahms on the other hand was not the kind of man or composer to tolerate tears for long, and any sort of stage action accompanying music so tremendously self-sufficient as his seems extraneous to the point of being grotesque. The music of Brahms, whether you like it or not, is proud music, egotistical music, as egotistical as Beethoven's.

I am afraid that now there will be no stopping M. Massine. He will probably be unable to keep his hands off Beethoven's Fifth, with its lure of *présage* and all the literature of criticism and romantic allusions behind it. And after that, ye gods, the Ninth with its choral ending!

### Chamber Music and the Buffet

A gallant start was made (also on Tuesday evening) with the new series of Chamber Concerts at the Grottrian Hall. Here music is being presented with a fresh allure. Charming programme-sellers in a picturesque uniform were on parade, their faces disguised under a coat of green metallic

paint. It was baffling, even a little frightening at first, to be spoken to by ladies so abstract and detached from life. The audience, however, behaved with true British composure and reached their seats without disturbance. The buffet, for which an interval of fifteen minutes was arranged, was there to symbolise the fundamentally human element and establish the right relationship between art and the stomach. If all the programmes are so excellently carried out as was this initial one then the series should be well worth attending. John Goss introduced some new settings by Bernard van Dieren of Heine *Lieder*: finely-wrought, sensitive compositions of which I was unfortunately unable to hear more than two. Goss's legato-singing is now one of the pleasantest experiences imaginable, and his choice of music is, as always, distinguished by rare intelligence.

### Arnold Bax's New Concerto

It was recently my privilege to go through Arnold Bax's new *Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra* with the composer himself. This will presently be performed in public for the first time, with that fine 'cellist, Gaspar Cassado, as soloist. It is a lightly-scored work in three movements, minus heavy brass and with only one trumpet part. Bax's sign manual is on every page which is closely packed with sensitive, deeply-felt writing. The central movement is a *Nocturne*, as nocturnal a composition as I have ever heard, highly personal in expression and containing a particularly notable passage in which the solo instrument is accompanied by three double-basses playing separate parts. Another interesting episode occurs in the final *Allegro Molto* where the 'cello and solo viola play a delightful tune in duet.

I can well imagine the new work giving as much pleasure to the soloist as to the audience, for it is Bax's great gift to get at the very heart of whatever medium he is working in. His choral work has all the mastery of the specialist as have his symphonies and his chamber music and his songs. In this new essay he sets himself a formidable task, the *timbre* and scope of the 'cello presenting peculiar difficulties in relation to an orchestral setting. Elgar enriched that very slight literature in memorable fashion and I think it will be found that Arnold Bax has also added to it nobly.

### Art Galleries

#### **New English Art Club**

##### **84TH EXHIBITION**

Suffolk Street Galleries, 64, Suffolk St., Pall Mall East

Daily 10-5.

One Shilling.



## Mussolini

### The Doctrine of Duty First

**F**ASCISM, born of unrest and discontent at Liberal and Socialist Government, started its life as a negation pure and simple. And then, out of the struggle and the individual faith and sacrifice of adherents, there crystallised not only an administrative political doctrine, but also a cultural basis which leavened the purely materialistic business of State management. As such, Fascism is unique amongst doctrines; its nearest neighbour, so far as the cultured element is concerned, being the old style Toryism which did at least protect the poorer classes from exploitation.

This culture is the key to Mussolini's greatness. It assures him a place in the pages of History no less bright than that of Nelson or Napoleon, both of whom were cultured men in this respect. To found a concrete and highly successful doctrine on such a basis is an achievement which stands as a pedestal to Mussolini's ability as a Statesman. If Fascism could be crystallised into a tag, that tag would be "Duty First."

### *A Lesson for England*

There is a lesson for England in this little booklet,\* for it is on the greatness of the past that a country rejuvenates itself. With the past history of England, with her Dominions and Colonies, with all the cultural instincts bred through the centuries, it needs but one brave man, strong enough to gather the dormant forces of the country under his direction, to steer England back to the glorious place amongst the Nations which once was hers. Italy needed Fascism for her renaissance; we as yet have not fallen so far as to require so bitter a corrective. Strength of will and honesty of purpose would retrieve both our dignity and our honour.

A great many people see in Fascism the logical outcome of controlled Socialism. They are influenced by Mussolini's wholehearted protection of the worker and thus deluded into an erroneous belief, for actually Fascism is the complete doctrine of State, as will be seen from the following extract from this book:—

"For Fascism, the growth of Empire, that is to say the expansion of the nation, is an essential manifestation of vitality, and its opposite a sign of decadence. Peoples which are rising, or rising again after a period of decadence are always imperialist; any renunciation is a sign of decay and of death."

What could be less compatible with Socialism than this?

We must give Mussolini his due. Fascism is the child of his brain and owes its inception to no outside creeds. Fathered on a willing Italy by the one really great man of this generation, Fascism has proved its case not only by its brilliant record of political success, but also by its over-

whelming popularity amongst those under its rule.

This little booklet is Mussolini's own statement of his doctrine. The idea of the corporate state as a governmental system is well known, but it evokes a greatly increased respect and admiration when the philosophic and cultural basis is read into it.

### America as She Is

**T**HIS book\* will not increase Mr. Phayre's popularity in the United States. It is not the America of suave and witty after-dinner speakers of the polished travellers familiar to Europe, nor—to be just to America's best product—of the millions of kindly folk who entertain visitors so hospitably from the Golden Gate to the Statue of Liberty. But, politically, and, in the mass, it is very much America as she really is. Not one, but half-a-dozen Americas, violently parochial and lawless (how many people know that, this year, Senator Martin of Dakota proposed secession from the nine eastern States, because of their financial crimes against the Union?), cynically imperialist where their own ends are to be gained (as witness, the rape of Texas, California, Panama, etc.), and regarding success as the sole criterion of morality. "America is hopelessly enamoured of a religion that is little more than a sanctified commercialism," laments Bishop Fiske of New York. "Our concept of God himself appears to be that He is a sort of magnified Rotarian."

### *Panic and Peace*

America's "zigzags of opportunism," as Mr. Phayre so aptly describes her foreign policy, a continual puzzle to European statesmen, he explains in a very novel way. It is due, he says, "to dread of the martial powers overseas." So, in moments of panic, she proposes to spend untold millions on a navy, but with no understanding of, or disposition for, the things on which naval and military power really depends. In fact, the peace she seeks "is one that will relieve her of all need to keep up those armed establishments for which her peculiar policy is wholly unfitted." This and much more to the same purpose is illuminating. But Europe insists on treating America as if she were something like herself, instead of being utterly alien and different.

This is a strange vivid exciting book, in which one tastes the heady atmosphere of the American Continent, the sordid reek of its politicians, the amorality of big business, the hundred passions of its different peoples, shouting for the hundred per cent. American, to hide the fact that no such thing exists. It is as humiliating for English as for the better American readers—will our leaders never learn the stupidity of talking about "our cousins," and, worse still, of being deferential to them?—but it is supremely a book that ought to be read.

O. M. GREEN.

\**The Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism.* By Benito Mussolini. Hogarth Press. 1s.

\**Can America Last?* By Ignatius Phayre. John Murray. 10s. 6d.

## A Mystic Among the Poets

### Blake's Everlasting Gospel

THE genius of William Blake lends itself amply to the treatment of Mr. Murry's robustly sensitive mind.\* For both are at home in a religion which is at once intellectual and mystical; but neither could make much room in their minds for the institutional element upon which the great masses of mankind, of whatever stature, must largely depend. Keats and Katherine Mansfield were also of this kind; and Goethe and Dante—(though the latter moulded much of his thought to fit the institutional fabric of mediævalism)—and with all such minds Mr. Murry possesses affinities that break out into astonishingly apt phraseology. In summarising the relationship of Dante and Goethe to Blake he says:—

"Blake differed from them both; from Dante, in that he did not accept the theology of the Church; from Goethe, in that the spiritual essence of the Christian religion—the reality of the 'indwelling Christ'—was almost a fact of experience to him. He could neither build solidly with Dante on the firm basis of an accepted system of Christian belief; nor could he, like Goethe, make use of Christian beliefs as an artifice of expression. The structure of Christian theology meant too little to him, the essence of Christian belief too much."

### The Grammar of Religion

This failure to harmonise theology with religion—to realise, in fact, that theology is only the *technique* of religion as grammar is the technique of poetry—without which religion would be an empty if beautiful phantasy, haunts Blake's metaphysical thought; and is the one deep flaw in Mr. Murry's book. The latter's distinction between "Jesus" and "Christ," and his confusion between ethics and art might have come well from a thoughtful sixth form boy; but are irritating from one who has grown mature in the philosophies. How one longs sometimes to sit this able and accomplished thinker down with the great volumes of the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, and refuse to let him get out of his chair until he has digested the lot! There is nothing like the *Summa* as a cure for a little slipshod thinking.

Once Mr. Murry gets down into Blake's poetry, however, there are few who can beat him. He does not evade the great master's obscurity, nor does he try to tease out of some cryptic piece of poetry any meaning which it does not yield. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, *The Four Zoas*, *Vala* and *The Fall from Innocence* are all beautifully woven into the texture of his argument; and the book as a whole forms a most powerful exposition of Blake's "everlasting gospel"—best epitomized, perhaps, in his own experience of the Fall from Eternity and final reconsummation of it.

\*William Blake. By J. Middleton Murry. Cape. 10s. 6d.

This exposition, borne out with copious notes, can hardly fail to send us back to Blake with a renewed appetite.

For Blake undoubtedly saw more than he was ever able to portray. The Divine Vision will not go into painting and poetry as it will into the broader cadences of music, and that is perhaps why Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Blake and Botticelli just fall short where Beethoven triumphs supremely; but Blake's poetry so nearly transcends the canons of speech sometimes that a glimpse of eternity—as in *Milton* and *The Four Zoas*—bursts through the tattered words and leaves the mind in a glow. As Mr. Murry says:—

"*The Four Zoas* ends in victory. The last phase of the book belongs, spiritually and creatively, to the same order of illumination as *Milton*. All the fundamental insights which make of *Milton* so rapturous an adventure are unmistakably present in the last phase of *The Four Zoas*; and, as we shall try to show the eternal moment of creative vision out of which *Milton* inevitably grew, is clearly indicated in Night VII of *The Four Zoas*."

In such analysis—and others of the same kind cover large tracts of the book—Mr. Middleton Murry is at his best. Just in criticism, generous in comparison and balanced in enthusiasm. Only on those rare occasions when he leaves Blake somewhere round the corner and goes off in chase of some metaphysical problem does the high standard of the book's achievement fall appreciably; but we are always soon back on the high road again. This book should be prized as a psychological exposition of Blake's inner mind as much as a vindication of his genius; and as either or both it should stand the wear of many years.

ASHLEY SAMPSON.

### An Austrian Maeterlinck

BEE-KEEPING in Austria must hold special attractions, by reason of the country's wealth of flowers, fields and orchards; it follows that when an Austrian with the heart of a poet is brought up among bees and inherits an apiary, he is likely to have a story to tell. Mr. George Rendl has done for his country what Maeterlinck did for Belgium and Mr. Tickner Edwardes for England; he has set out all the romance of the hive.\* At the same time he has dealt faithfully with the intense hardship, the perennial cruelty, the scanty leisure and the swift end of drone and honey bee alike. Underlying the foundation of the hive we find a merciless urge, a demand for self-sacrifice, a rigorous, pitiless rule. "The Way of a Bee" will bring new facts to the seasoned bee-keeper, to say nothing of some minor points for disagreement, but it will confirm his belief that the way of the bee is up hill all the time, with very brief intervals for expression of the joy of life, the joy we glimpse in the season of honey flow. Mr. Rendl's observation goes deeper than that of any bee expert we have met.

\*The Way of a Bee. By George Rendl, Longmans. 6s.

## Confessions and the Countess

### A Psycho-Analytical Novel

**B**EWARE of numbering a psycho-analyst doctor amongst your friends! And beware of sitting with him in the smoking room of your club—or the fate of Dr. Towle's five friends may be yours! Peter Traill's new novel "Here Lies Love" (Grayson 7s. 6d.) is teasingly original. Dr. Towle hypnotises four of his club friends into sleep and wills them all to dream of the Comtesse de Moulins. Four of them do meet her in their dreams and their experiences make amusing, tragic and interesting reading.

The fifth, Proctor, is not hypnotised into thinking of the Countess, because she is, unknown to all of them, his mistress. That she is about to leave Proctor and become Dr. Towle's mistress, is also a secret. The denouement, when the four of them have met her and woken up and confessed, rests between Dr. Towle, the Countess, the Count, and Proctor.

It is excellently well worked out and though there are passages that may perhaps make Golders Green lift its eyebrows, Mr. Peter Traill has written it all in good faith and has had the grace in the end to make virtue prosper. The wicked, scheming Doctor is no more, Proctor runs away, and the Count comes wandering in—to the Countess.

### A Tale of Wild Oats

Quite another sort of story, with nothing to do with make-believe, is "Youth Can't Be Served" by Norah Hoult (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.). The whole family of Boyce, when we meet them, seem rather "up the spout." Mr. Boyce, father, wanted his children to be affectionate and loving, he wanted to travel, wanted, in fact, everything that he hadn't got and wasn't doing. His particular little adventure was to kiss the "daily," to be caught red-handed by his wife, and to be generally unhappy.

Mrs. Boyce, mother, who only wanted her children and her husband round her at all times and, in particular, for a part of each year at the sea-side where they could bask in the sun, never got it. Catching her husband kissing the maid, she rushed up to London to spend a few nights at the Strand Castle Hotel, where she meets adventure in the shape of a spiritualist meeting.

The son leaves home for a nasty little bed-sitting room, gets in with Communists, and narrowly misses marrying a disastrously unattractive girl. Eleanor, daughter, leaves home to try and get on the stage. She has the stereotyped adventures with this man and that man and does nothing that does her any good.

That they all return home, richer in experience and happier, is Miss Hoult's ending. Father takes Mother for a cruise, Eleanor at last gets her job (though why it was easier to get it from home I was never quite sure) and is a nicer person

altogether, and the son Boyce, has, apparently, sown his wild oats.

So much has been said about the younger generation, as generations come and go, that Miss Hoult's family of Boyces are not strange or unknown to us. The chief merit of the story lies in the fact that this particular saga is told by Miss Hoult and she has the incomparable gift of telling a good story and making her reader believe that she is writing of real life and has nothing or little to do with fiction.

Miss Trevelyan's story "Right Foot Forward" (Heritage, 7s. 6d.) has not so much to recommend it. It is the life story of Ann; a queer, unconventional person, who does not get on with her parents, loathes her school, and only finds happiness on the last page.

Miss Trevelyan may have been unlucky and really known a school such as she describes, but it is certainly difficult to believe that any such place exists.

Ann leaves school, studies at the R. A. D. A. and eventually gets a small part in a pantomime. She makes friends with "Belle," an over-painted, cheaply dressed cockney, who turns out to be nothing less than a heroine. The story rambles on with Ann first in one difficulty, then another, and always desperately unhappy, until the end where she marries the man she loves. But it all seems rather unconvincing.

## The Ally Sloperisms of Mr. O. Baldwin

### Pertness without Promise

There is little good to be said for "Unborn Son," by Oliver Baldwin (Grayson & Grayson, 10s. 6d.).

If this book had been rewritten by a precocious undergraduate as a satire on what is usually known as the "smart Alec" type of literature it might have earned a little perfunctory praise. True, its methods are cheap and its manners crude, but the seasoned reviewer could have salved what remained of a conscience by protesting that its pertness was not without promise. As it is, Mr. Oliver Baldwin is at once older and younger than an undergraduate; older in years, younger in ideas and effects.

Take one passage at random, neither better nor worse than the rest, of this advice to an unborn son. "Should you prefer some occupation that includes the thrills of gambling and therefore the opportunity for making money, you could join the Stock Exchange, where, with a number of clients dependent upon you, you buy and sell stocks and shares, or 'do as many people down' as you benefit. Stockholders all wear black clothes in sombre reference to the money God, and often a buttonhole on successful days. They must not be confused with bankers, for these are archangels of the money God and a cut above the broker."

This devastating wit is considered by the publishers to be on "the lines of the Chesterfield Letters." One might as well compare Ally Sloper to Swift.



## CORRESPONDENCE

### A Warning

SIR,—May I sound a note of warning? It has been known for a long time that the leases of the houses in Knightsbridge, bordering Hyde Park and next to Hyde Park Hotel, would soon be falling in, and already there is a notice up that four of them are to be sold. "A grand position," says the board. But what is so alarming is that attached to each of these houses is a garden, which really increases the size of the Park, and there is every reason to fear that the gardens will ultimately be covered with one of the hideous buildings, in which modern architecture is so prolific. Imagine Hyde Park bounded with the Hyde Park Hotel, a sky scraper, or the first cousin of a sky scraper, and the Knightsbridge barracks in one unbroken line. Undoubtedly some of its charm will be diminished.

What will probably happen? It will suddenly be revealed that some monstrous erection is about to be put up, covering, of course, the gardens already mentioned. There is always in England a little band of men of taste, and they—all honour to them—will appear like Mr. Partington with their brooms, hoping to sweep back the vast tide of Philistinism that from time to time makes such conquests in this island, and especially in London. All their efforts will be in vain. The House of Commons may be invoked, and a small minority of members may be vociferous in their protests, but it will discover that nothing can be done. A Cabinet Minister will be appealed to and will declare that he has "no powers." Besides, it will be pointed out that the contract was signed long ago, and that the sanctity of a contract takes precedence of all aesthetic considerations. Is it too much to hope that by the calling of attention to what is so likely to be done the evil may be averted wholly or in part?

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

### Salesmanship

SIR,—I have always had a desire to sell British goods, while I so much like the British people, and, when I make some remarks about the ways and manners of your manufacturers with regard to Continental trade, I hope it will be taken for granted that I only do so out of interest in the matter.

I am since more than 40 years in the trade, and have introduced a great many British articles in my country, but can safely say that it is, generally speaking, very difficult to obtain the goods from your country. Only lately I wanted to replace articles which were hitherto exclusively imported from elsewhere by those of British make. Though I was convinced that these goods were made in your country, I did not know a single manufacturer. They never advertise in trade papers, neither do they appear at the British Industries Fair, which I visit regularly.

I asked a London manufacturer, with whom I do business since many years, to give me the name of a good firm. He replied that he had forwarded my inquiry to Messrs X. & Co., in Y. town, and felt sure that this firm could supply all I wanted. I did not get a single word of reply from this firm, though, as I say, I was recommended by a well-known firm in London. And this is only one of the many examples I can give that British manufacturers do not reply to inquiries, though I, at least, always add references.

I am told that many British manufacturers don't exhibit at the British Industries Fair because they think it much better that buyers visit their London showrooms. How these buyers have to find the right showrooms, I am not told. Moreover, may I say, that a buyer can "do" the British Industries Fair in one or two days, but requires many weeks to visit a number of showrooms situated in all parts of London. My own purpose in visiting the British Industries Fair is to find the makers, get an idea of their goods, and, if these are of sufficient interest, then to look up the firm in the showroom.

Amsterdam.

G.S.

### The Laws of Moses

SIR,—Mr. Poynter misses the point in his argument. Even if the *raison d'être* for racial homogeneity amongst the Jews was that they were the chosen race, the very fact of insistence on this rule shows that some biological importance was attached to racial purity. What is that importance if a finer race is not assured, so long as the stock is kept pure?

One can find instances of many other races besides the Jews who practised racial purity. The Moslems, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans all set great store on it, even carrying it to in-breeding within the closest possible family relationships. It is of interest to note, in this respect, that degeneracy always appeared contemporaneously with outbreeding.

One imagines that the Germans, as a race, are imbued with this desire for purity, having read the lessons set, not only by the Jews, but by the other races mentioned above.

K.K.

Naval and Military Club.

### The Case for Flogging

SIR,—The Rev. Gordon Lang's apologia for flogging contains the sweeping statements, unsupported by facts, which are such a familiar feature of propaganda on behalf of violence.

The answer of history is that flogging has not proved more effective than the alternative of imprisonment. Dr. Hamblin Smith has recently exposed the old lie that flogging stopped garrotting, but Mr. Gordon Lang falls back on the legend that Mr. Justice Day "made Liverpool safe for pedestrians."—(Should motorists be flogged?)—Mr. Justice Day's career at Liverpool Assizes covered the years 1882-1893, and the Assize records show that in 1893, at the end of 11 years' judicial savagery (from 4 to 25 floggings a year), there was more robbery with violence than ever. There were 56 cases in 1882 and 79 in 1893.

Then Mr. Lang goes to Ulster. I have a detailed analysis of the number of murders, woundings, malicious injuries, etc., and of the number of flogging sentences in Northern Ireland after the Emergency Act of 1922, which authorised flogging. They show that the peak of violence came in May and June, 1922, and the bulk of flogging sentences, 15, were passed in November, when the crime figures had reverted almost to normal. Anyone who cares to recall the history of the Home Rule agitation knows quite well that political conditions provided adequate explanation both of this outburst of violence and of its subsidence.

If Mr. Lang will quote the dates of the alleged success of the lash in stamping out garrotting in Cardiff, I shall be glad to investigate the facts and figures relating to that episode, too. But I confess that my faith in the accuracy of the advocates of the lash is wearing very thin.

One last word. Mr. Lang tries to make our flesh creep at the prospect of next year's Criminal Statistics, which he states will contain the record for 1933, but which will, in fact, deal with 1932. If he examines the last volume carefully, he will realise how much so-called violent crime consists of breaking into empty shops and kiosks by boys under 21. But Mr. Lang does well to take seriously the increase of crime that has followed, as it normally does, on desperate and widespread poverty. It will end when adventurous young men have legitimate outlets for their energy, and street-corner lounging is not the chief alternative to house-breaking expeditions in a stolen motor-car.

The worst thing about flogging is, not that it will fail to stem the tide of crime caused by economic distress, but that if it is used to punish the young lawbreaker of to-day it will create hardened criminals, and through them, a harvest of crime in the next generation. The problem of the Courts is to resist hysterical demands for indiscriminate severity and give wise treatment which will fit those offenders for prosperity.

Will not Mr. Lang use his gifts to secure the constructive reforms for the prevention of crime advocated by the Persistent Offenders Report?

CICELY M. CRAVEN. (Hon. Sec.)

The Howard League for Penal Reform,

Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

[Statistics prove anything.—EDITOR, S.R.]

## The Tragedy of the Jews

### Learning and A Nightmare

**T**HIS is a sad and tragic book,\* translated from the German and printed in America. The reading is absorbing but the eye fails to cover the meat-packed pages. The interesting chapters are "Saul of Tarsus" and "Anti-Semitism." The first is not the view either of Professor Ramsay or of George Moore. Kastein stumbles in his efforts to explain St. Paul in his gushing German style from an intensely Jewish point of view. Paul struck the contradiction between the law and the religion. "He created and invented a thousand and one reasons for it with an uncanny demoniacal consistency almost amounting to genius."

It would take a library of books to meet Kastein, and he is best read for sheer historical knowledge. The chapter on Talmud is illuminating where "dry law is intermingled with legends from the Hagga-dah, the sublime concept of God is entwined with the wildest superstitions borrowed from the Magi. It is the encyclopædia of an age." How little we know of Spinoza, the Kabbalah, Maimonides, and a thousand years of Jewish literature and misery! It reads like an untrue nightmare flecked with fairy stories, and yet we feel that Kastein has digested an immense store of history. But if half the massacres he retails were true the Jewish race must have been wiped out time after time.

### A Moan of Incredulity

The compression of new facts seems marvellous and one is left hearing an incredulous groan. Can such things have ever been? One prefers to forget the whole hopeless story of a people who were chosen by God but by no one else. The Jewish question does not occur in England except for those who live in the East End or who tried to go to Court under Edward VII. It is to travellers that it occurs with such vivid and lurid reiteration. Twice the skein of this book entered into the reviewer's own life. Once as a schoolboy in Paris, when an obscure officer called Dreyfus was degraded in 1895. He then took the British view of fairplay which seemed too obvious for words, but French people took sides from great motives and ideologies unknown to us. A second time, when General Petliura was assassinated in Paris in 1926 in revenge for the Ukrainian massacres.

People who wish to spread tolerance for the Jews or to unveil mysteries and secret hands will find all they need in this book, which for once and for all supplies the facts on which we can, if we must, make up our minds on the Jewish problem. But as the Almighty cannot as yet make up His mind (to speak in all reverence), we can be excused coming to a decision. Zionists will take one line and British Israelites another. There is Mr. Belloc and there is Lord Melchett.

\**History and Destiny of the Jews.* By Josef Kastein. The Bodley Head. 15s.

## The Saturday Acrostics

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 57.

INSECTS IN MEADOWS AND IN GARDENS FOUND;  
THESE LOVE THE DAMPER, THOSE THE DRIER GROUND.

1. If this is broken, you may wind all day!
2. Van Eyck perfected it, or so they say.
3. Great feast in honour of the great god Pan.
4. Beneath it you must seek the inner man.
5. These, with tomato-sauce, worked Pickwick woe.
6. Figures in HUDIBRAS with added o.
7. Behead an instrument young ladies play.
8. Decks hedge-banks, meads, in April and in May.
9. Lends flavour to our fish, cold meat, and steaks.
10. Legs might be only this, perhaps, to snakes.
11. Light sound and tremulous, by songbird uttered.
12. Cakes in our tea-shops eaten, toasted, buttered.

### SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 56

B	ullfinch	H
eol		Our
A		Utum
C	at-o'-nine-tail	S
K	ilometr	E
B	ourgeois	S
E	s	Planade
pE	ew	It
T	hu	D
L	i	B
E	mbe	R
S	aponaceous	S

The winner of Acrostic No. 55 (the first correct solution opened) was Miss Addison Scott, to whom a book will be sent.



## EN PASSANT

Of all the famous Port Wines which bear the SANDEMAN name, there is one of peculiar interest in so far as both its quality and title are concerned. It is "Partners" Port—so named because it is the particular port favoured by the Sandeman directors. It is a fine "Ruby" wine—composed of choice wines specially selected from the best succeeded Vintages. If you like a full, rich, ruby Port, try "Partners."

## SANDEMAN PORT

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 St. Swinburn's Lane, E.C.4

## CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

**F**INANCIAL attention, though diverted from time to time in the direction of Europe, has been for some time past centred upon the American inflationary experiment and President Roosevelt's latest declarations have intensified interest while defying interpretation. Not even the French budgetary and political crisis, with its effects upon the most important of the gold standard currencies remaining, could command the respectful attention which hangs upon the dollar's every movement and Stock Markets need some further news of a "bullish" nature to give a fresh impetus to the interest in Home securities which departed suddenly and somewhat unaccountably with Germany's blow to the Disarmament Conference. But though there is little business to support them, British railway and industrial stocks and shares remain remarkably firm; any small reaction is regarded as an opportunity to enter the market on favourable terms so that, over-valued as industrials and rails may appear, there is little likelihood of any serious set-back. In the Money Market, discount rates have certainly firmed up to about  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. but this is entirely due to a cessation of competition for bills by the banks and is rightly ignored by the gilt-edged market as giving no indication of dearer money conditions which can only become apparent when the trade revival has made considerably more headway than has been accomplished up to the present.

By reason of its independence of world welfare, the American programme is bound to meet with a good deal of adverse criticism on this side of the Atlantic but, viewed dispassionately, it would seem to depend upon forcing dollar commodity prices up while commodity prices in terms of gold are forced down. In the long run this can only result in further depression of the world price level and there will come a time when dollar devaluation can no longer keep pace with the decline in world prices. It is to be hoped that before this point is reached settlement of the War Debts question and the restoration of confidence in other directions will have enabled the upward swing of the trade cycle to help the American President out of his difficulties.

### Dollar Investments

The uncertainty which is felt regarding the dollar's future is reflected in the high yields obtainable on dollar bonds of Australian loans issued in New York. In London, Australia's credit is on a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. basis, but a yield of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is obtainable on Australia 5 per cents. 1955 and 1957, on which the interest is payable in dollars upon a paper basis, since America's abrogation of the gold clause. The

London price is about 96 for each of these loans with the exchange at \$4.70 and the amounts offering in each case are about \$20,000. These investments are attractive despite the fact that they constitute a gamble on the dollar, for their can be no loss on redemption unless the dollar drops below its old parity rate with sterling of \$4.86. Among Australian dollar-loans also Brisbane 6 per cents., dated 1950, and guaranteed by the Queensland Government, give the high yield of  $\pounds 7$  4s. per cent., the amount on offer being about \$15,000.

### Trustee Stocks

The shortage of Trustee stocks continues and thus loans in this class newly-floated only by special permission of the Treasury through the Bank of England are quickly absorbed. The new Australian  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loan 1948-53 can be obtained to yield  $\pounds 3$  16s. per cent. with a first dividend payment either in December next or June 1934. The new South African  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loan, issued at 98 $\frac{1}{4}$ , was dealt in this week and commands a small premium, giving a yield of barely  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The New Zealand  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. loan, 1949-54 gives a yield of only  $\pounds 3$  12s. per cent. or  $\pounds 3$  13s. 6d. per cent. to redemption. These recent additions to the Trustee colonial list, though hardly increasing the yields obtainable, have done much to facilitate Trustee investment by reason of the increase in the supply of available stocks in this class. This week, also, there has been about  $\pounds 3,000$  of North British Aluminium  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. guaranteed debenture stock on offer at 106 $\frac{1}{4}$ , giving a yield of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or nearly 4 per cent. to redemption, the stock having an estimated life of 13 years. Principal and interest are guaranteed by the British Government under the Trade Facilities Acts and the stock is available for Trustees.

### United Dairies Profits

As indicated by the maintenance of the final dividend at  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. making  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the past year, as for the previous year, the profits of United Dairies, Ltd., show little change, net revenue for the past year being  $\pounds 583,438$  compared with  $\pounds 591,517$  for the year 1931-32. The sum of  $\pounds 100,000$  is transferred to reserve fund to which an allocation of  $\pounds 80,000$  was made a year ago,  $\pounds 30,000$  being then transferred to a pensions reserve, and the amount carried forward is  $\pounds 8,500$  higher than a year ago at  $\pounds 109,708$ . The staff superannuation scheme has been established during the year. The balance sheet shows a strong position although fixed assets appear at a higher figure than a year ago and cash is  $\pounds 73,000$  lower at  $\pounds 102,075$ . These movements are presumably due to further extensions of the business, for it has been the company's policy to finance these out of savings and not by further issues of capital.

## NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed  $\pounds 43,000,000$ . Total Income exceeds  $\pounds 10,742,000$ .

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street.



## THEATRE

*Daly's Theatre.* "Maternité." By Eugene Brieux.

Here is a play which strikes at the roots of one of the greatest human problems of to-day. It is the problem of the falling birthrate among the well-to-do and the rising birthrate among the poor, the diseased and the mentally unfit. The story briefly is that of an alcoholic degenerate who, though never drunk, drinks steadily. He has within him the inherited seeds of alcoholism. The result is that one of his children dies, the other is blind.

This man, an egoist, an opportunist, a public apostle of the higher birthrate, the main plank in whose political platform is the cry that "France Needs more Babies," turns out of house and home his eighteen year old sister-in-law when she has been seduced and deserted by her lover. He forces his own wife to bear a third child against her wish, against the advice of doctors.

Wife and sister-in-law leave him. The sister-in-law dies as the result of an illegal operation. His wife is accused in the French courts on the capital charge of the same offence with relation to herself.

That, in brief, is the story. It is starkly and realistically worked out, well acted, convincingly argued.

The anomalies of the law are exposed in all their lack of humanity and narrow-minded intolerance. There is nothing in this play to which even the prude could object. The facts are those of everyday life. But, fortunately, in this country at any rate, it is fairly safe to say that since Brieux wrote this once-banned play, we are gradually arriving at a saner and more reasonable solution to these problems. But it will do no harm for their urgency to be thus emphasised.

Cathleen Nesbitt as the wife is magnificent. Raymond Lovell as Counsel for the Defence and W. E. Holloway as President of the Court are legal, eloquent and convincing in the true forensic style. Madeline Seymour is her usual finished self, while Dorothy Dickens as the young sister-in-law shows a certain real emotional promise. Her acting is good. Mr. Malcolm Keen, the husband, over-acts. He cartoons. He portrays a caricature but not the character. It is a pity, as a little more restraint of manner rather than voice, little more indeed than a *nuance*, would have made all the difference.

J.W.D.

*Embassy Theatre.* "The Tudor Wench." By Elswyth Thane.

There are some points about this play which has moments of interest; but I am afraid it will never succeed in the West End. It is what I would call a novelist's play, but what a hard boiled manager would term "too damned literary." It is full of resounding, even poetical, lines; but such lines can fall very flat when the dramatist fails to contrive adequate situations. Miss Thane commits the novice's fault of leaving two people only

on the stage for an interminable time in scenes with very little action and of depicting incidents in narrative form, which would much better have been left to the imagination.

The plot of the play is simple enough. Elizabeth, a girl of fifteen, is living with her step mother, Kathleen Parr, now Lady Seymour, and her husband, Sir Thomas Seymour (brother of Somerset, the protector) at the Seymour's country house, Chelsea. Elizabeth is enamoured of a page, Fernando Aubrey (Mr. Derrick de Marney), a youth of uncertain ancestry. Seymour has designs on her, partially for herself, but chiefly from political motives and he has more than a suspicion of Elizabeth's feelings for Fernando. The page very wisely takes lessons in swordsmanship, at Elizabeth's expense, and is involved subsequently in a duel with Seymour which, starting as a friendly affair, become very serious indeed. In the duel, which is exceptionally well done, Fernando is wounded. He recovers, spends a night with his mistress, and is murdered by Seymour's orders. Some months later, Elizabeth, carried away by Seymour's visions of power, submits to his embraces and is caught by his wife, Kathleen, who orders her from the house. However, Kathleen relents; but Elizabeth's mind is made up, and in rather a fine scene in which she deplores the bad state of the country and determines to devote her life to putting things right, she re-affirms her intention of moving to Hatfield.

Miss Beatrice Lehmann made the most of rather a static part as Elizabeth, John Laurie as Seymour was at his best in the more violent scenes, and Miss Annie Esmond and Mr. Herbert Lomas did well in minor parts.

L.L.

*Lyric Theatre.* "This Side Idolatry." By Talbot Jennings.

Mr. Talbot Jennings, the author of "This Side Idolatry," has written an exceptionally good play on a very difficult subject, the life of a genius. He has portrayed a Shakespeare that we can understand as a great and a somewhat sad man. We are left with a sense of loss that he did not fulfill his greatest ambition—that of being a poet.

"This Side Idolatry" is full of life and spirit, although at times the dialogue is distinctly modern for the period. All through the play, one's interest is keenly held by the man Shakespeare, not the genius. His friend Burbage, his mistress Mary Fritton, his wife Anne, all these are intensely alive and human. The author shows a deep understanding of his subject, and Mr. Leslie Howard, who plays the part of Shakespeare, gives a most delightful, quiet and compelling study of Shakespeare as man and genius.

Margaret Rawlings as Mary Fritton, played well and Mr. Gyles Isham as Richard Burbage, gave an excellent performance.

"This Side Idolatry" is not likely to have a universal appeal, but for those who want a play which will exert their imaginative and critical faculties, a visit is warmly recommended.

N. le G.H.

## Broadcasting Notes

ONCE again it is my melancholy task to record the passing of a familiar and much loved voice. The sudden death of John Kettelwell came as a tremendous shock, both to his colleagues and to many thousands of children. The Children's Hour has suffered blow after blow during the last few years. It has never been quite the same since Leslie Mainland died so tragically, and his passing was followed by the deaths of S. G. Hulme-Beauman, J. C. Stobart, and now "J.K." This may seem a comparatively trivial matter to many people, but in the many thousands of homes where the Children's Hour is looked upon as the most important item in the day's programme and not as a butt for the witticisms of amateur comedians it is a tragedy indeed.

Fortunately Derek McCulloch ("Mac") is still there. It is in no sense disrespectful to the memory of "J.K." to say that McCulloch should have had charge of the Children's Hour long ago. He was passed over when Mr. C. E. Hodges left,

he was unaccountably ignored when I myself sought fresh woods and pastures new, and I would not put it beyond the bounds of possibility that he will once again find himself overlooked. He has served the children faithfully and well for at least seven years and there is no doubt that he is more popular than all the rest of the "Uncles" put together. There have been consistent attempts on the part of the pundits of the B.B.C., ably assisted by the so-called humourists of Fleet Street, to wreck the Children's Hour, and there is now a heaven sent opportunity to put the finishing touch to the work by handing over its destinies to someone who does not understand the task and who is out of sympathy with his audience. With all the sincerity of which I am capable I implore the B.B.C. not to do this, but to give the position of Organiser of the Children's Hour to Derek McCulloch. He can do the job better than anyone else, simply because he believes in it and because he is impervious to the criticisms of nit-wits who look upon it as an unnecessary evil—whether they be members of the staff or of the listening public.

ALAN HOWLAND.

### 40 MILLION POPPIES READY FOR SALE ON REMEMBRANCE DAY NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The World's Greatest One-Day Appeal

Haig's Fund Assists Ex-Servicemen of  
all Ranks, Services and Creeds

Necessity Their Only Qualification

BRITISH LEGION WORK, made possible by Poppy Day, includes the relief of distress, finding employment, sanatorium for tuberculous, help for the blind, workshops and homes for the disabled, pensions for the prematurely aged, etc.

YOU HAVE A SHARE IN THIS GREAT WORK because you buy Poppies on November 11th.

PLEASE HELP MAKE IT A GREATER WORK by paying a little more for your Poppy than you did last year and, if you are able, send a donation to EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL, Haig House, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

## Hotels

**BUXTON.** Spa Hotel. Telephone: 211.  
Telegrams: "COMFORTABLE"

**COTSWOLDS.**—The Old Bakehouse.  
Stanway, near WINCHCOMBE, Glos.

**DROITWICH SPA.** Park Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 38.

**DROITWICH SPA.** Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

**FRESHWATER.**—Freshwater Bay Hotel.  
Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Telephone 47.

**MATLOCK, ROCKSIDE.** The favourite  
all-the-year Hydro. Prosp. Free.  
Ph. Matlock 312. Tel.: Rockside, Matlock.

**SOUTHWOLD.** Swan Hotel. 'Phone: 5.

**SOUTHWOLD.** Crown Hotel. 'Phone: 53.

**ADVANCES on REVERSIONS.** Life  
Interests. Settlements and personal  
security; Percy G. Coleman, 17, Hanover  
Square, London, W.1. (Mayfair 1746).

**HOW TO DRESS WELL** on 10s. or £1  
per month. Open a Credit Account  
with SMARTWEAR. No references required.  
Write for Autumn and Winter Catalogue,  
also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.F.T.  
SMARTWEAR Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street,  
London, W.1.

**ESSEX CAMPING SCHOOL.**—(Easy distance London) has vacancies for pupils aged eleven to twenty. Especially suitable for those preparing for an ARMY CAREER and for those entering the COLONIAL SERVICES, also for those requiring an all-round general education where personal attention is necessary. Boys Coached for any EXAMINATION at SHORTEST NOTICE. Preparation for School Certificate, Matriculation, Army Entrance, Civil Service, Inter B.Sc. and B.A., and other examinations. Training in PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL FORESTRY, identification of timbers, classification and uses, etc., in preparation for the Colonial Forestry Services and for the Timber Trades. Accountancy and Book-keeping. Practical Carpentry, Chemistry Laboratory. University and Public School Coaches. Training in Campcraft for both at Home and Abroad. Healthy open-air life under finest camping conditions. Weather-proof tents specially built for safe, warm, dry camping. Boys housed in huts during the winter months. Riding, Boating, Fishing, Shooting, Boxing, Fencing, Tennis, Scouting, etc. Pupils may join at any time and by arrangement for any period. Reduced terms to sons of Army Officers and Colonial Officials. Particulars from the Secretary, 4/65, Portadown Road, London, W.9.

**GENTLEMAN—Public School—**would like to get in touch with four others willing to subscribe twenty pounds each in a scheme which will provide them with free holiday facilities during the Easter, Whitsuntide and Summer vacations of 1939. The subscription is returnable at the close of the Summer, but will bring no financial return beyond the free holiday facilities for a minimum of fourteen weeks. Of interest to ex-army officers, yachtsmen, varsity men on vacation and all lovers of the river life. Within easy distance of London on Essex Coast. Half share subscriptions considered for the Summer vacation only. Particulars from Box 12, SATURDAY REVIEW Office, 18, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

## TO GARDEN LOVERS

### The "All Handy" Gadget,

a small Portable Stand, will hold all your necessary requisites.

### NO MORE LOST TOOLS.

The latest joy in gardening, so the best gift to give yourself and your friend—  
"All Handy." Woodsome, Ryde, I.O.W.  
Price 5/6, packed in case and carriage paid.